NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER 3, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

MACKEY

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THE new furor about college football professionalism, which was stirred up by the publication of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *American Mercury,* followed hard on the heels of Robert Forsythe's piece in last week's issue, in which he gave a passing kick in the slats to the hypocrisy that surrounds professionalism in col-

lege football. Far be it from us to say that college football is important enough to deserve the attention it receives; moreover, we are quite well aware how much of that attention is commercially contrived. *Variety,* that hard-headed trade journal of the show business, does not cover college football returns *pour le sport.* Likewise, we are well aware of the painful hypocrisy that surrounds the presence on a college team of some aging iceman whose signature is an X. But on the question of professionalism itself, it seems to us that there's been quite a little too much of the holier-than-thou sort of thing, and a wholly unwarranted view that there is something much worse about a halfback working his way through college playing football than there is about a Latin sharp working his way through college keeping the halfback well enough posted on his conjugations to stay on the eligible list. And it is frequently the gentlemen who pay the halfback's board and lodging and cigarette bills who [illegible] of the tutor who keeps him eligible. But you don't find the Carnegie Foundation making a study of professionalism among Phi Beta Kappas. Granted, that commercialism in a capitalist society taints whatever it touches; but perhaps making football as respectable a way of working your way through college as washing dishes in the Campus Café would clean up a lot of the taint. It is a fairly sound suspicion that this phony emphasis on amateurism is a folkway deriving from an aping of ruling-class sportsmen who are supposed to play for the sheer love of it because they don't need the dough. But that's a misapprehension, [illegible] is perhaps the most characteristic ruling-class sport, and yet Roark, one of the greatest players of the last ten years, rode for the team that could afford to do right by him in the way of a feed and a flop and a decent change of ponies. And as for professionalism hurting the quality of the game, players on the pro football teams may not be ready to die for dear old Joe Glutzman, who made his pile cooking alky before 1933 and now is a sport impresario, but they play a safer, faster, headier game. There's probably not a college team in the country that could stand up against such an outfit as, say, the Green Bay Packers. Why shouldn't a good footballer be regarded as being as much entitled to draw pay as the advertising manager of the *Campus Crier?*

Who's Who

EUGENE SCHACHNER was a war correspondent in Spain for the United Press. He has now returned to this country and is working on a book on the Spanish civil war.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Clyde O. Hunter is the pseudonym of a university faculty member who has long been a student of Latin American affairs.

Leane Zugsmith is the author of the novel *A Time to Remember,* which was the Book Union selection for September.

Rolfe Humphries is a well-known poet and critic whose work has often appeared in our pages.

The cartoon by Fred Ellis in this issue is his first contribution to the NEW MASSES since his recent return from a long sojourn in the U.S.S.R. He promises to be a regular contributor from now on.

Tromka, whose *Mining Town* is reproduced on page 18, is having his third one-man show, at the A.C.A. gallery in New York. Etchings of his hang in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the public libraries of Newark and Boston.

John Mackey, who did our Halloween-election campaign cover this week, has apparently struck a responsive chord in the breasts of the editors of *Time.* One of his "Unnatural History" series was reproduced last week in a selection of campaign cartoons, and the editor of their house organ asked and received Mackey's permission to reprint the cartoon on King Edward VIII which appeared in our issue of September 22.

What's What

YOU can save us and yourselves all kinds of headaches if, when changing your address, you *tell us about it,* and not merely leave it to the post office. If you leave it to the post office, you'll find it won't work satisfactorily. Write to our circulation department about it *two weeks in advance.* Then if anything goes wrong, file a complaint with the post office about it, and send us a copy. And don't say we didn't tell you!

The article by Ernst Toller published last week was the opening speech at the congress of the International Writers Association held in London. The opening sentence of paragraph one, column two, page six, should have read 'We are often accused of wanting to suppress the individual."

The biggest NEW MASSES in history is planned for the issue of Dec. 15. It will be sixty-four pages, and will be in the nature of a twenty-fifth anniversary number. Many famous names that were associated with the magazine in its early years will contribute new pictures, articles, verses, stories, to this special number. We urge readers everywhere to act now to have this special issue sent to ten friends you'd like to see reading the magazine. Send us one dollar and a list of ten names and addresses and we'll do the rest.

In response to the appeal of the Spanish Loyalist Government for clothes, food, medical supplies, and funds, the Workers Bookshop at 50 East 13th Street, N. Y., has arranged to use its facilities and will accept any contribution, which will be forwarded to the Joint North American Committee to aid Spanish Democracy. The bookshop will be open daily from 9:30 to 8:45 P.M.

The holder of the pair of season tickets for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony concerts will be announced next week after a special all-membership meeting of the Friends of NEW MASSES on Saturday, October 31, at the home of one of the members. The next regular open meeting meeting will be addressed by William E. Browder of NEW MASSES, who will speak on "Does Working-Class Activity Accelerate Fascism?" This will be on Wednesday, November 4, at Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th Street, at 8:30 p.m. The meeting is open to the public and there is no admission charge.

The friends of the NEW MASESS have organized a class in political and economic questions to be conducted by a thorough Marxist scholar. Enrolments are now being accepted at a charge of $3 for 10 weekly sessions. Address the NEW MASSES.

Watch for a brilliant article (next week or later) by Robert Forsythe, telling about a rising profession for young men and women which is guaranteed to carry no risks and to draw the approbation of the Park Avenue set.

Flashbacks

AS flying reporters raced eastward round the world to break the tape for good old Hearst or Howard or the *Times,* we recalled the pioneer Moscow-New York air journey seven years ago. On November 1 at Curtiss Field, Long Island, four beaming aviators climbed out of the cockpit of *The Land of the Soviets* and returned the proletarian greetings of 15,000 workers who had come to celebrate their achievement. . . . The modern Retreat from Moscow

was ancient history by the end of October 1922, when Japan withdrew her last soldiers from Soviet soil, thus ending armed intervention. The curtain fell on military interference in Soviet affairs almost five years to a day after a rough workman appeared before the Central Committee of the Communist Party and clinched the making of a fateful decision: "I speak for the Petrograd proletariat," he said. "We are in favor of insurrection."

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NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER 3, 1936

C. A. Johnson

That Man Marcantonio

The young, dynamic congressman from Harlem is winding up a vigorous drive for reelection on a platform of relief, civil rights, and Puerto Rican independence

By Bruce Minton

ALL DAY, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Jews, Spaniards file into the back office, bringing their tragedies and problems to Vito Marcantonio. The Puerto Rican woman, seventy years old, has been thrown off relief and can no longer feed her four dependent grandchildren. The relative of a man jailed for picketing wants advice. The parents of a sick child complain that their baby needs medical attention and they can't afford it, nor can they get her into a hospital. The endless line of workers living in that squalid upper-Manhattan district come to their congressman for advice and help. Vito Marcantonio, they say, is their friend.

Public men are supposed to be busy with affairs of state—and dinner parties with the right people. But at thirty-three, Vito Marcantonio finds time for these unemployed, for these workers and little shopkeepers. A campaign stunt? That is the obvious explanation. But Marcantonio has set aside one day a week for the past two years for just these cases, has remained in his office on that day from ten in the morning to three the next morning so that the people in his district could come to him. When he must be in Washington, a special secretary takes his place.

He's a small man, only five feet six, with full lips, widely spaced teeth, and an aggressive chin. The dark brown hair, the large eyes with heavy lids, and the sallow skin are reminders of Italian ancestry. The voice is full, rich; when he speaks on street corners, which he does two and three times an evening during the campaign (even at midnight 2500 people will gather to listen), he can be heard five blocks away. He's proud of that. "They can hear me in Congress too, when I get up," he laughs. "It's hard to run away from what I say."

Marcantonio's political development has been logical enough. Born in 1902 in the district that he now represents, he spent his childhood in the slums of upper Manhattan; went to Catholic and public schools in the neighborhood; grew up amid the misery that characterizes the everyday lives of immigrant workers. At eighteen he was in politics, campaigning for the Farmer-Labor Party's presidential candidate. Two years later, he stumped for a Socialist. And then, while still in law school at New York University, he met Fiorello La Guardia and helped to manage his new friend's congressional campaign.

To continue in college, young Marcantonio took the job of secretary of the Tenants League, which fought against high rents and evictions. Once the emergency ended, the League folded up and the young law student became what he calls a "lobbyist" at the settlement house that had been the headquarters of the League. He kept order in the lobby, saw to it that no one smoked and that the men took off their hats when they entered. Shortly after, he began to teach citizenship to aliens.

He graduated in 1925, entered the law firm of Foster, La Guardia, and Cutler. He lasted a year, then decided to practice for himself, though he still remained loosely associated with La Guardia, whose campaigns he managed every two years from 1926 to 1932. With La Guardia, he joined the local Republican Club. The young "progressives" intended to capture the club and through it to fight Tammany. "That might sound naïve to you," Marcantonio says. "It does these days to me too. But in 1926, things weren't so clear. I had to join some party to fight Tammany and the only opposition organization was the Republican Club. That's why I got into it. I wanted to break the Tammany stranglehold."

Four years of law practice, of political apprenticeship as La Guardia's manager, culminated in an appointment as assistant district attorney. "I didn't last long," he told me. "It wasn't such a hot job. I was supposed to deport Greeks and Italians and Jews, whose only crime was to skip a boat and stay in this

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country without a passport. Before 1900, anyone could come here. I couldn't warm up to work that forced me to crack down on little fellows struggling to get some place in a strange country. It's no fun breaking up families, prying into the other guy's business. So I quit. . . ."

By 1932, Tammany's drive to recapture Harlem resulted in electing James J. Lanzetta and replacing La Guardia. When Lanzetta sought a second term, he faced a new opponent, Vito Marcantonio, and Tammany lost. Congress changed the young lawyer—a reformist went to Washington and became a genuine workers' representative. Marcantonio's fight to protect the interests of the voters back home transformed him from just another legislator into the congressional spokesman of the American working class.

He became a renegade to the profession of politics. He no longer played the game. Marcantonio, the rebel, championed civil liberties, free speech, social security, adequate relief standards, and the rights of minority races. It is no accident that he is the candidate of the first people's party in America, the All People's Party of Harlem.

LEAF THROUGH the *Congressional Record* for 1935 and 1936. It was Marcantonio who introduced the right of asylum bill, which would grant aliens permission to enter the United States if they sought asylum from religious or political persecution, and would forbid deportation because of political beliefs. It was Marcantonio who initiated the Workers' Rights amendment, which would have given Congress the power to regulate working conditions in industry. Marcantonio's bonus bill kept the bonus issue alive after the defeat of the Patman measure; it proposed raising funds by increasing the rate of taxation on incomes of $5000 or over. Marcantonio protested the Gallup kidnapping of Robert Minor. Marcantonio fought Admiral Stirling's Red-baiting and forced the Secretary of the Navy to rebuke that official. Marcantonio advocated an amendment to the Walsh-Healy bill to provide minimum wages for women.

He never missed a session—unless one of the few other liberals in the House promised to watch things for him. He had been elected to Congress to represent workers; it was up to him to see that no bill slipped by without his knowledge, that no anti-labor, anti-alien, anti-working class legislation was jammed through before he could make an issue of it on the floor.

The second half of his term was even more active. He was in the vanguard of the small group that prevented the Kramer anti-sedition bill from coming to a vote and that defeated the Tydings-McCormack military disaffection bill. Always Marcantonio, fighting abuses, demanding investigations of this violation of liberty, that curtailment of democratic rights.

"All set, boys, for the biggest Republican election in history!"

The Barron case, Caffery's interference in Cuba, the War Department's *Domestic Manual* which instructed militia to "shoot to kill" workers on picket lines, the terror faced by the Vermont marble strikers—Marcantonio raised such problems one after the other. No limit to his violation of "good taste." Public officials just don't talk of such things, not in Washington. Nor was it good form for a congressman to fly to New York to defend the Bremen demonstrators, or lead W.P.A. workers in a mass demand for higher pay. It violated all precedent in Jim-Crow Washington for Marcantonio to appear in a colored church and defend the Scottsboro boys. It was hardly "patriotic" of him to object to the administration's navy bill which set an all-time high for peace-time appropriations. Certainly the Labor and Commerce Departments were irked when Marcantonio obtained hearings for striking seamen charged with "mutiny." Always Marcantonio, opposing the big shots, parking on the "wrong" side of the fence.

His relief standards bill was perhaps his most defiant action. In the face of the administration's "solution" of the unemployment problem, Marcantonio came along with a real plan. Appropriate six billion dollars, the bill proposed, assure adequate relief wages, stop all relief cuts, launch an extensive public-works program to include housing at low rentals, schools, hospitals, health, and recreational facilities. Pay for this program by placing the burden on those who could best absorb it—the men with high incomes, the large corporations. This bill, with Marcantonio's further defense of the right of government employees to strike, caused the split last spring with La Guardia. The former "progressive," now a run-of-the-mill mayor, balked; the congressman was too completely consistent.

And if the big shots hated Marcantonio's domestic policies, how much more did they resent his bill for Puerto Rican independence. Particularly when Marcantonio left for the island to investigate conditions and to lead a protest against the jailing of Pedro Albizu Campos and eight other leaders, sentenced by United States judges to from six to ten years in the penitentiary for advocating independence.

Marcantonio's bill proposed in part:

> In proclaiming the independence of Puerto Rico, the President of the United States shall recognize the responsibility of the United States toward the present disastrous state of Puerto Rican economy and to strike for friendly relations with the new government of Puerto Rico, shall declare free entry on Puerto Rican products into the United States, and no immigration restrictions on Puerto Rican citizens shall be made until the government of Puerto Rico should express its desire otherwise.

This was answer enough to the Tydings measure which offered "independence" while condemning the island to economic strangulation by imposing heavy import duties on Puerto Rican products. Puerto Ricans, if they wanted to avoid ruin, would be forced to vote against independence. But when Marcantonio returned home, he went even far-

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"Squatter" Coal Miners Using Their Primitive Equipment Harry Gottlieb

ther than before. He said in a public address:

I take this occasion to advise the workers of Puerto Rico that the building up of militant labor organizations must commence right now. They must not wait for independence, for by building such organizations they will constitute themselves the best forces in their own struggle.

Of course, Lanzetta, Tammany's mouthpiece, cried that Marcantonio had used his visit as a political junket to get votes. To this Marcantonio replied that he had spent his own money and was vitally interested in the civil rights involved. "But even granting that my visit was for 'political' reasons," he added, "I am at least doing something for Puerto Rico. My opponent never found the opportunity to raise the Puerto Rican question while he was in Congress, not to mention his consistent vote against *every* progressive measure, even New Deal measures."

THE REELECTION of Vito Marcantonio is of national concern. Without him, workers and their allies lose their most powerful and consistent advocate in Congress. Tammany pours money into the 20th election district to defeat him; the Puerto Rican sugar magnates have put up $2100 at least. The Republican Party will give Marcantonio no financial support. Workers, liberals, all those who realize the vital importance of his reëlection have been sending funds, often taken from savings, to his headquarters at 1668 Madison Ave. The battle is to elect a candidate who will not only represent a district in New York City, but will be the voice of the oppressed in the national legislature.

The district is a peculiar one. Roughly, it contains 22,000 Italians, 10,000 Puerto Ricans and Spaniards, 2500 Jews, 1000 Negroes. A candidate cannot be elected without the Italian vote, and the Italian workers in upper Harlem remain politically backward in their nostalgic love of the old country. They still admire Mussolini. The reactionary Lanzetta plays their game; he rides about giving the fascist salute, "oiling" the machine in the good old Tammany way, promising jobs, and kissing babies. Marcantonio, consistently anti-fascist, refuses to compromise with reaction. He fights fascism even though it might cost votes. "We can't take the Italians in this district away from Mussolini by making a frontal attack on them, that much is obvious. We must stress immediate demands. Carry the fight to the voters by pointing out that Hearst, the Liberty League, the du Ponts support and advocate fascism. Fascism, we can prove easily enough, is no good for America. And if the American fascists are evil—well, the voters can draw their own conclusions."

It didn't take Lanzetta long to raise the Red scare. Marcantonio replied: "The issue as I see it is not communism. The issue is the preservation of our democratic institutions and the extension of those democratic rights. The reactionaries realize that the workers are bound to win on the economic battlefield so long as these democratic rights are preserved and extended. Hence they are united in their eagerness to destroy democracy. This means that a showdown must come. I want to be in the fight. I want to go to Congress—to build an all-inclusive, united, progressive front against reaction."

That is why Marcantonio is the candidate of the Harlem All People's Party. That is why Tammany brings floaters into the district. That is why the Republican Party shies away from this black sheep who still runs on its ticket, but who stands for everything reactionaries most bitterly oppose.

Vito Marcantonio, anti-fascist, fighter against war, defender of civil liberties and the rights of minorities, must return to Congress. "I want to go back," he tells the voters, "to carry on the fight for the working class. On the horizon there is the first faint light of the new day, the day that will bring a free America, a happy America, an America in which the working class will have a decisive voice in its own destiny."

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Spain's "Famous Fifth"

Writing from Madrid October 15, our correspondent tells how the Communist-led army corps functions

By James Hawthorne

WITH the recent loyalist reverses at Oviedo, the military situation may be said to have turned in favor of the rebels. At such a time the sharp Soviet note, jerking up the faltering foreign offices of France and Great Britain, had a moral effect here more than equivalent to victory in single battles on the Madrid fronts.

Arms coming and to come will play their important part, but the victory over world fascism on Spanish soil must still be won chiefly by the Spanish workers, peasants, and middle classes. Therefore the organization of a regular army, the creation of a single discipline embracing the entire population and emanating from a single command, a single leadership, still absorb the time and energies of the responsible anti-fascist forces here. Here we meet initiatives of the Communist Party at every turn. They reach us not by a process of selection, but because they easily outweigh all others, leading to appreciations such as that of the Basque Militia commander, who, although a Left Republican, declared: "My hat is off to the Communist Party." At Somosierra for instance, we find the party section at the very front—Buitrago—has succeeded in inculcating the essentials of military science into the entire force in the pass. Leaflets and papers cleverly displayed in Madrid (in the "Loudspeaker of the Front" Exposition) show how sanitary regulation of the trenches, physical welfare, care of weapons, estimation of distance for riflemen, and other practical instruction prepares a regular army for the defense of Madrid and convinces millions of the loyalty of the Communists to the cause of the democratic republic.

But above all other monuments to the leadership of the Communist Party in the anti-fascist struggle, rises the famous Fifth Regiment. Although it bears that name, "regiment," it is in reality a tiny army and is sufficient to guarantee the ultimate creation of an effective regular army despite all other setbacks. Numbering 25,000 men and nineteen centers in its range of activities, the Fifth Regiment has been from the first, although created by the Communist Party, a non-partisan body at the service of the republic for the ideals common to all the bodies composing the People's Front. By July 25 the Fifth Regiment had already sent 8000 men to Somosierra, Guadarrama, and the Saragossa fronts. From the beginning the columns had been placed at the command of the war ministry, whereas other militias took their orders from the political parties and the trade unions to which they belonged.

Dan Rico

The very name "Fifth Regiment" contains the history of the conversion of a military feudal institution into a People's Army. At the time of the rising, and normally, there were four regiments garrisoned in Madrid. As some 80 percent of the regular army was carried into the rebellion against the popular government, the four regiments, as entities, were considered dissolved. Thus the first formation, the first seed of a new and popular armed force at the service of the people's republic, was the successor to four disloyal regiments, and took the name Fifth Regiment. In two days it had far passed the numerical bounds of a regiment, but the name stuck.

The first 8000 were almost exclusively infantry, although two completely equipped machine-gun companies had been established in the Sierra, and a woman's battalion was in process of organization. Noteworthy among these infantry units was a shock company trained in the use of hand grenades and expert with the rifle. Although this hurried work had been chiefly directed to stopping the passage of the fascists through the mountains, organizational instinct and foresight were used. As a result there already existed a recruiting center (which has now grown to eight full-size barracks!), a quartermaster's corps confined to food transport at first, military instruction (now the best feature of the Fifth), armament, health and hygiene, and cultural work. The latter has managed a certain amount of cinematic and theater work, and has established a band.

Under these general headings or in addition to them, relevant services were set up: an emergency hospital, and preparation of nurses for the front; a barber shop and similar accessories of this complete military "city," once the school and convent of the Salesianos. Shops for the manufacture and repair of weapons, a factory turning out excellent hand-grenades, and the preparation of anti-aircraft corps were some of the valuable services of the Fifth to the republic.

Today the corps, famous for its "Steel Company," mobilizing 25,000 men and some twenty institutions, is the heart of all the serious preparation for a war of position. Roughly, these preparations may be listed under two headings: instruction and creation of reserves. As to the first, courses in machine-gun, artillery, and rifle practice, a medical school, an educational course, and an officers' training school cover the technical aspects of the work. But the special nature of the training corresponds to the special nature of a people's army. The leadership of the Fifth Regiment knows that terror of an officer's pistol is the basis of courageous performance against an enemy in a "regular" army. It knows that in a people's army service of an ideal performs the main integrating function and that it is therefore necessary to enable soldiers to understand what they are fighting for in each operation as well as in general. Discipline and political understanding must be reconciled. Accordingly, we find three slogans prominently displayed around the chief barracks and headquarters of the Fifth:

All our instructors must be able to give political as well as military instruction.

Discussion and criticism at the right time and place are not only the right but the duty of every militiaman.

He who disobeys his leader offends his comrades who freely elected that leader.

Because the Communists from the first moment of the military-fascist rising recognized the urgency of creating that type of military body peculiar to a free people, it was natural that the leadership in the centralized, best-trained, politically integrated units at the command of the war ministry should fall to them. And it was equally natural that the militiamen in the Fifth Regiment should recognize the service conferred by the guides of the new battalions and by the Communist Party. Such a recognition, honestly sentimental but guided by a sound political-social understanding, was the recent election of Dolores Ibarruri, the really beloved Passionaria, as regimental commander.

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Somosierra Charge

How a "psychological attack" staged by the rebels in the Guadarramas and preceded by an air raid was routed by the Popular Front militia

By Eugene Schachner

AT Somosierra, 93 kilometers north of Madrid, as I stood talking to a colonel in the people's militia, two fascist aircraft approached. The planes circled leisurely over us twice, then dropped three bombs each in quick succession. The TNT dug into the earth like a shrieking Cyclops tearing an ant hill to bits. We tried to balance ourselves with outstretched hands as the ground quivered and rolled beneath our feet. I found a tree to lean on. The colonel sat on a rock. The dust clouds rising from the parched earth looked like brown parachutes floating up to greet the two planes, which had banked steeply after releasing their bombs and were straightening out to circle us again. To our left the auto bus that had taken us to the Pass was a mass of flames, its chassis sagging in the middle as if an earthquake fissure had opened up between the front and rear wheels. A score of *milicianos* were lying stiff around it. The wounded writhed but uttered no sound. I hoped they would, so one could know how badly they were hit, but I had to judge their pain by the tautness of their jaw muscles. Another bomb had hit a stone farmhouse fifty yards distant, tearing a ten-foot hole in the roof and spitting fragments through the walls through holes as big as turnips.

We shaded our eyes so we might get a better glimpse of the planes' bomb racks, but the shadow cast by the under wings prevented us from seeing whether or not they were empty. We wouldn't know whether it would be strafing or another bomb attack until they were almost directly overhead, when it would be too late to cope with either type of attack. We knew when we heard the machine-gun bullets streaming out through the propeller.

The colonel ran for the demolished bus. I stood still for a second; then I ran with all the strength I could muster towards the oncoming plane, hoping the bullets would overshoot me as I ran towards its machine gun. A fence separating me from a tiny square of plowed field held me up almost too long but when I had vaulted it I heard the bullets sink into the soft wood behind me. I went back to look for the colonel. He was lying dead under the bus, where a bullet had nicked a half inch of bone out of the back of his skull. Only one other of the dozen or so *milicianos* who had been sheltered by the bus had been hit. The *miliciano* was dying with a dazed, almost sweet look on his face, which grew yellow as we watched it. He was beyond the need even for companionship so I hurried after the others, who were running to the barricades of field stone erected on the highway leading from the valley below, where the fascist vanguard had entrenched themselves. Apparently they expected the main body of fascists to attack momentarily.

I found the writer Quintanilla chatting with the Communists who were at the two machine guns guarding the road. Only one of the bombs had fallen among them, killing and wounding twenty, but missing the two guns. A one-pounder, the only other gun heavier than a rifle at the command of the *milicianos,* had been hit by a bomb fragment. It had been taken from the fascists the day before. A *miliciano* wearing a motorman's hat was sitting beside it, desperately trying to repair it in time to meet the impending attack. There were three girl Communists near the machine guns dressed in blue overalls and bearing rifles.

"What planes are those?" I asked Quintanilla.

"They aren't Spanish planes. They look like the old German Taubes."

"I thought so, too."

"Look through these glasses," he said. "The fascists are going to attempt one of the most hopelessly arrogant things I have ever heard of."

About a hundred fascist cavalrymen were getting into formation, four abreast, on the highway just out of range of the Popular Front machine guns. Behind them I could see dense masses of men, probably six or seven thousand. The cavalry was undoubtedly preparing to charge up the road into the teeth of the two machine guns. If the men at the machine guns broke it meant a clear road to Madrid, for there were no more than five hundred defending the Pass. From the viewpoint of brute military strength the fascist horsemen were hopelessly inferior. They knew it, and so did the *milicianos;* they were counting on the psychological smashing power of their arrogance. I was reminded of the march of the White Guard officers in *Chapayev.*

The cavalry charged up the hill as if they were on dress parade. The Communists at the machine guns held their fire. At two hundred yards the *milicianos'* rifles brought down a half-dozen cavalrymen. At a hundred and fifty a dozen more fell from their horses. At a hundred yards the machine guns let go.

The last of the horsemen fell at the edge of the stone barricade. The dead horses were used to strengthen the barricade against the attack of the fascist infantry, who were now less than three-quarters of a mile away.

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Planning the Offensive

Fred Ellis

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Covering the events of the week ending October 26

WHAT the presidential nominees said during the week was overshadowed by the fact that one of them was twice prevented by violence from saying anything at all. Earl Browder went to Terre Haute, Ind., as a nominee of a legally recognized party, on the ballot in 32 states. Terre Haute officials, not daring to jail him a second time for "vagrancy" (he came armed with a certified check for $1000) brazenly resorted to less official methods. They served notice on Browder that if he attempted to speak he "might break a leg," and the Chief of Police intimated that if the mob decided to ride the candidate out of town, nothing much could be done to prevent it. Despite these crudely veiled threats, Browder attempted to speak, but a barrage of eggs and tomatoes, thrown by the vigilante business men of Terre Haute, and the menacing threats of a half-drunk mob that blocked his way to the broadcasting station kept Browder from making his address (story on page 11).

Terre Haute was the signal for similar tactics elsewhere. California's notorious Imperial County lived up to its tradition when a gang invaded the broadcasting station in which Esco Richardson, Communist candidate for Congress, was making a speech. Firing shots into the walls, the mob tore Richardson away from the microphone and dragged him to a vacant lot, where they pelted him with rotten eggs and fruit. The local police were all on duty at a high-school football game. The sheriff, it was later revealed, had sent a telegram to Terre Haute officials congratulating them on their treatment of Browder.

But it remained for Tampa, Fla., to hit a new low level for treatment of a presidential nominee and for contempt of American traditions. Led by men brazenly flaunting caps of the American Legion, a small armed band attacked members of an audience that had gathered to hear Earl Browder in an open-air meeting. The legionnaires beat twelve persons, including one woman, over the head with the butt ends of their revolvers, and, advancing to the platform, seized the light stand and tilted it over, forcing the speakers to slide off. Then, in a moment of high irony, the leader of the gang cautioned his men. "Careful! Don't let the flag touch the ground." Tampa's police force, in full knowledge of the scheduled meeting and of the possible danger of interference, was not represented on the scene of action. Entraining, Mr. Browder declared: "Criminal charges will be filed by my friends against those recognized as leaders in the attack, and they also will be made parties in an action for damages." Adding its bit to the troubles of the Communists, the Supreme Court declined to take immediate action to force the State of Illinois to put the Communist Party on the ballot even though it had satisfied all the requirements of Illinois law.

Earl Browder's Democratic and Republican rivals in the presidential campaign, neither of whom saw fit to put in one small word of protest against the shameful treatment of their fellow-nominee, had much easier sledding. Each of them has already said over and over again all that he apparently has any intention of saying, and the campaign sank into a contest to see which would draw bigger crowds. In this respect Roosevelt had the distinct edge. Huge and enthusiastic throngs constantly delayed the progress of his automobile tour through New England, supposedly the one safe section for Governor Landon.

Adapting himself to his surroundings, the President for the most part couched his week's oratory in a conservative key. At Worcester, Mass., he defended "democracy in taxation," but promised a balanced budget without increase in taxes. To a Boston audience of 125,000 he pointed out that the New Deal had afforded New England industries more protection than they had enjoyed under Republican leadership. And from Washington he broadcast to business men gathered at Good Neighbor League dinners in several cities his complete allegiance to the system of private profit. "No one in the United States," said the President, "believes more firmly than I in the system of private business, private property, and private profit. No administration in the history of our country has done more for it."

GOVERNOR LANDON'S travels took him to the Pacific Coast in what was generally conceded to be a hopeless effort to win California from the Democrats. Even his supporters allowed him only a "fighting chance" to succeed—and that only because Dr. Townsend instructed his followers in California to vote Republican.

Through all the Landon speeches of the week ran a thread of nationalism couched in more belligerent language than the Kansan has yet used. "If we are to preserve our American form of government," he said at Los Angeles, "this administration must be defeated." At Phoenix, and again at Baltimore several days later, he proclaimed the "American system the fundamental issue." And at Albuquerque he harangued the crowd in the best ultra-nationalist tradition: "Out here where the West begins, there will be no trouble in enlisting recruits in this battle to save our American system of government . . . you will respond as readily when the attack on our freedom comes from within as you did when it came from without."

The governor's principal speech of the week was made at Indianapolis, where he attacked Roosevelt as an isolationist, denounced the League of Nations as a "failure" and the World Court as "political," declared we must "mind our own business," and threw in a plea for international coöperation through mediation and arbitration. Yet Landon spoke of the "contradictions" in the foreign policy of the Roosevelt administration.

Credit for the crudest campaign trick of the week went to the Republicans for their use of pay envelopes as a political weapon. In thousands of wage envelopes distributed by big industrialists with G.O.P. coöperation appeared the following message referring to the Social Security Act: *"Pay Deduction*—Effective January 1937, we are compelled by a Roosevelt 'New Deal' law to make a 1-percent deduction from your wages and turn it over to the government. Finally this may go as high as 4 percent. You might get this money back in future years. . . . There is *no* guarantee. Decide, before Nov. 3, Election Day, whether or not you wish to take these chances." Ironically, on the bottom of a widely circulated Republican campaign brochure appeared the information: ". . . your ballot is *secret*. All threats to influence you are illegal. Make your own choice."

America's most overt fascist, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, received a severe setback during the week when he was unequivocally disowned by Dr. Townsend. Smith made his New York debut before a scanty audience of 600 in the huge Hippodrome with the announcement that he would head a new "nationalist" movement to war on communism. "When the Reds dynamite the tunnels and bridges of New York," he screamed, "us cotton choppin', corn huskin', baby havin,' God fearin', Bible readin' are goin' to have our own united front—we'll save America." Then came word that Dr. Townsend, upon whose following Smith has for some months had an eye, declared in righteous wrath: "The Townsend movement wants no part of a fascist organization which plans to incorporate portions of the Townsend plan in a fascist movement. The Townsend plan and fascism are as opposite as good and evil. . . . There is no room for fascism in the traditions and heritage which we of America hold so dear."

LABOR gave the administration little immediate worry as far as the elections are concerned, but it continued to store up several good headaches for the near future. The West Coast maritime unions proceeded with their balloting on whether or not to empower union officials to call a strike on or after October 28 at their discretion. All signs pointed to an overwhelming affirmative vote. The "united front" of shipowners showed signs of cracking. The Panama Pacific, Grace, Luckenbach, United Fruit, and eight other lines deserted the more obdurate employers and offered to grant the longshoremen's basic de-

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mands of increased wages, control of hiring halls, and six-hour day. This retreat, pointed out Harry Bridges, while an important defection in the formerly solid front of the employers, holds some dangers for the unions. Unless the compromising companies include all categories of marine workers in such a settlement, according to Bridges, the longshoremen could not accept the terms without abandoning the solidarity between unions and thus enabling the owners to pare down even the miminum demands of the remaining maritime groups.

W.P.A. members of the Workers Alliance of America presented the administration with a delicate problem when a delegation of 400 descended on Washington with demands for a more equitable wage scale on W.P.A. projects. David Lasser and Herbert Benjamin, leaders of the group, were arrested for parading without a permit after vain attempts to see President Roosevelt. Blaming the metropolitan police for the arrests, Aubrey Williams, assistant administrator of the W.P.A., expressed his personal regret and pleaded with the men: "Don't embarrass your friends; don't make it hard for them." Williams placed responsibility for the wage scale on Congress.

It became clear during the week that the forced resignation of William L. Hutcheson from the A.F. of L. executive council did not change the reactionary character of that body. William Green gave ample proof of that by his proposed solution of the Guild strike against Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Green would break the deadlock which for two months has kept the newspaper shut down by asking strikers to return to work before their demands are satisfied. At the same time, negotiations in the cases of the two men whose discharge precipitated the strike would continue, and if a deadlock resulted, Green and Hearst's anti-union counsel would reach an agreement. Such terms, completely rejected by the Guild, would allow the *Post-Intelligencer* to reopen and in all likelihood defeat the purposes of the strike.

HITLER'S campaign against the collective organization of peace and the League of Nations attained maturity during the week when Mussolini's foreign minister, Count Ciano, visited Der Fuehrer's mountain chalet. Ciano was received with a display of pomp and ceremony not often accorded non-Aryans. Out of his trip emerged a six-point "understanding," though the Nazi leader withheld from it the stamp of a formal alliance in order to spare Britain's pro-German diplomats, who are uneasy over Italian encroachments in the Mediterranean, any undue embarrassment.

Point one in the list of gains for the Nazis which are embodied in the accord was the decision that the two countries would work in common for a western European pact that would exclude the Soviet Union. France, according to this pet scheme of Berlin, could be detached from its obligations to the Soviet Union and forced into isolation—with the signatures of Britain's National government and Fascist Italy as its dubious guarantee against

Polakov

Gerald Smith—Townsend Bounced Him

German invasion. Simultaneously, Hitler would find himself free to absorb Czechoslovakia and move on to the ever-enticing wheat fields of the Ukraine.

Though Mr. Eden continued to feign an interest in concerting a new Locarno agreement as a preliminary step toward an all-European pact which would include the Soviet Union, he was authoritatively reported to be pressing the Blum government for the rupture of the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance agreement and for entrance into Hitler's western pact.

Mussolini, who found his bargaining power with respect to British imperialism enhanced through the new accord, promised Hitler in turn a greater measure of freedom for German economic penetration and anti-Soviet intrigue in Austria and southeastern Europe. Official approval of General Franco's Rebel junta, as well as the determination of the fascist Powers to combat the setting up of the Spanish government in Catalonia in case Madrid falls, were announced. As a Nazi sop to Britain, Rome and Berlin pledged in all solemnity to observe Spain's territorial and colonial integrity. German recognition of the conquest of Ethiopia was also provided for. Count Ciano's statement from Munich hailing German-Italian "collaboration for peace and reconstruction" was elucidated by the irrepressible Duce himself, who at Bologna announced that the "olive branch" which Italy extends "grows out of an immense forest of 8,000,000 bayonets."

AFTER its proposals for ending violations of the non-intervention agreement had been unceremoniously ignored by Britain and France, the Soviet government made good its warning of October 17 by declaring that it could not "consider itself bound by the non-intervention agreement to any greater extent than the remaining participants." Much to the chagrin of the Fascist committee members and their British and French abettors, the Soviet delegation, finding itself alone in its stand, decided astutely to retain membership on the committee while characterizing the agreement as simply "a torn-up scrap of paper."

As reports that a fleet of Italian whippet tanks had broken loyalist defenses at Navalcarnero, and other similar news from Spain, continued to bear out Soviet charges, Lord Plymouth, committee chairman, sought refuge in the accusation that the Soviet Union had furnished Madrid with tanks, airplanes, motor lorries, and munitions. Portugal's rupture of diplomatic relations with Madrid, followed by fantastic allegations which, in purport, accused the Soviet Union of striving to conquer the Iberian peninsula, pointed to open collusion between British imperialism, which dominates Portugal, and the Spanish fascists.

Though Navalcarnero, a key town southwest of Madrid, was occupied by the fascist invaders early in the week, the battle tide soon shifted again in favor of the government. Fired with the slogan, "Madrid shall be the tomb of fascism," militiamen succeeded in holding up the fascist advance on all fronts in the vicinity of the capital. The insecurity of the fascist rear, particularly in Estremadura and the Castilian provinces, where a hostile population smolders, forced General Franco to renew on a large scale the transporting of troops from Africa. The need for reinforcements was further aggravated by the diverting of thousands of rebel forces to the Oviedo area.

TIMING his move to coincide with the latest diplomatic thrusts of the Wilhelmstrasse against the Franco-Soviet pact, fascist Degrelle, chief of Belgium's Rexists, summoned the members of his organization and the Flemish nationalists to a mass concentration in Brussels. Degrelle's appeal to Belgian patriotism was somewhat blemished when he was forced to admit the Socialist charge that he had visited Adolf Hitler on September 29. The admission served to illuminate the following statement made by the Rexist to an American correspondent: "France under the People's Front government makes my heart bleed. France's present government will not last. . . . It requires only Belgium—Rexist Belgium—to close the circle around her. Germany, Spain, Italy, and soon Belgium—all fascist!"

Liberals, Socialists, and Communists, crying "Rex to Berlin!" jointly staged a counter-demonstration to prevent the fascists from massing. And the Zeeland government, which has been yielding progressively to the germanophile policies of the Rexists, was finally forced to ban Degrelle's concentration and restrain its unruly leader. Nevertheless there was every indication that Degrelle's movement would continue to have a profound effect on the course of the Zeeland government.

At Biarritz, France, however, where the Radical Socialist Party held its congress, Rightist hopes for a rupture of the Front Populaire were disappointed. Aware that disunity in the non-fascist camp would precipitate the armed uprising and civil war for which the Croix de Feu is striving, the mass of the party's middle-class followers remained loyal to the People's Front. Their sentiment was echoed in the congress by such conservative party leaders as Camille Chautemps and Cesar Campinchi.

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Terre Haute: Second Round

An eye-witness account of the court proceedings and the mob action at the broadcasting station

By Marguerite Young

THE courtroom was packed like Times Square on election night. Earl Browder, previously jailed as a vagrant for daring to carry his presidential campaign into Terre Haute, had returned to try again. The crowd was mostly sympathetic workers.

James Benham, editor of the Terre Haute *Star,* testified he published statements by Chief Yates and Mayor Beecher, warning Browder would not be allowed to speak if he returned. The newspaper article was admitted in evidence. It was headlined: "Mayor Reiterates Anti-Red Stand, Says He'll Jail Browder Again."

Just the day before this, Judge Owens himself had told reporters he would see to it that Browder was not arrested before the hearing, but, "Of course, if somebody besides the police or sheriff stops him I can't guarantee anything. He might break a leg."

Chief Yates, in the witness chair, was asked if he would again arrest Browder for trying to speak.

"I don't know what I intend to do," Yates answered. "If he violates any law I will arrest him."

Two young lawyers for Browder were commenting *sotto voce.* Yates turned suddenly and hurled at them, "I'll smash one of you!" then sat around again and calmly resumed his testimony. Reluctantly he went over his actions on September 30. The charge? Why, vagrancy and investigation. There was no such crime as "investigation"? But Yates retorted triumphantly, if irrelevantly, "I did investigate Browder—and I discovered he was an ex-convict!"

Siegel excused Yates—the defense having waived cross-examination—put Browder back on the stand, and asked, "What were you imprisoned for?"

"I served two years for opposing the entrance of the United States into the World War."

Without having cross-examined anyone, and without presenting a witness of their own, the defense rested. Whitlock then argued: "Injunctive relief cannot be issued in a political matter. As a matter of public policy, the court should not interfere with officers. The motives of the officers are immaterial." Small maintained the only property right Browder had here was "incidental" to his political right, *and injunctions must not be issued to protect civil rights!* Spectators whispered exclamations. Attorney Kingsbury gasped, sprang up, and cried out, "The question at issue here is free speech. Yates's sole purpose is to prevent Browder's speaking by subterfuge. Terre Haute officials have said openly Browder cannot come here and discuss the political issues of the day. If this can happen, every citizen can be arrested, and his attorneys cannot even see him to prepare a petition for *habeas corpus.* What then is left of free speech? I plead with you: it cost oceans of blood to obtain it. You shouldn't destroy it under such subterfuge."

The courtroom was deeply hushed. Judge Owens scratched his forehead. Suddenly at Browder's table an urbane figure lifted and asked permission to speak although he was not an attorney of record in the case. Recognizing David Bentall, the Chicago lawyer who vainly had sought a writ of *habeas corpus* while Browder was jailed previously, Judge Owens nodded.

"Yes, Browder was convicted because he opposed the World War—as was your beloved neighbor, the citizen you are most proud of, one of the greatest citizens of this country, Eugene V. Debs.

"Yes, Chief Yates did win praise for his behavior, from fascist Germany!" Bentall lifted a finger, smiled, then thrust out in lowered voice, "That is the evidence, *and Chief Yates did not deny it.*" Many people turned to one another and smiled, and some smiled at Judge Owens—a direct if silent challenge. He began to sum up, recalling the publicity gotten by this "show case." He thought out loud, tortuously, vainly attempting simultaneously to win his audience: "A good deal could be said about what happened when he [Browder] came to Terre Haute before. I don't know but that that was because of the feelings Americans have about constitutional government. They don't like anyone who wants to change it. . . . We've had enough trouble here already. . . .

"I don't think the acts of the police are commendable. *But I suppose those men in their overzealousness decided they were going to defend that Constitution even if they had to take constitutional rights away.*

"As much can be said about one side of this matter as the other. Be that as it may. The law is clear. The court is without authority to enjoin."

About ten o'clock a cleancut lad in a red sweater turned up, saying, "I just came from the broadcasting station. There's a mob outside, all drunk and shouting. I came to tell you I saw them, and to see if I could do anything for Comrade Browder."

The radio station was just a half block off the main street. I arrived with two other journalists at about ten-thirty. The sidewalk, for yards each side of the building housing the station, was crowded as the courtroom had been. But one glance showed that the ratio of workers and upper-class was directly reversed.

We met a large man who recognized one reporter and called, "Well, this is really the best citizens of Terre Haute, and they mean to go somewhere tonight. Look, there's Captain Harter, the head of the National Guard. And there's Art Collins of the Law and Order League." The informant was Abraham Lincoln Mehoney, former hack of Frank Knox's Chicago *Daily News.* Mehoney had been in Terre Haute for ten days, saying he was connected with the Republican National Committee's publicity machine now, and devoting himself to seeing that out-of-town newspaper men "understood" the attitude of Law and Order boys.

We edged along toward the door. The farther in you went, the harder the breathing; in addition to the pressure there was an overwhelming smell of rancid liquor. Athwart the doorway were several swaying men. Behind them, up a narrow stairway leading into the station on the second floor, men were massed on every step. They were calling boisterously, "Come on, send in some more. We need more inside." A man in a gray suit relayed, "Come on, you fellows out there. Don't you want to be here when it starts?"

I committed the error of trying to take a note unobserved. I was jostled over the sidewalk and suddenly found myself in the street surrounded by a solid ring of men and boys. Hays Jones of the *Daily Worker* was still beside me, but our other companion was gone.

"Get out!" came from the ring. "Take a walk!" and "We'd advise you to leave." One black-hatted man stepped nearer and said, "We know you—you work for a Communistic paper. We saw you sitting with the defense in court this afternoon."

The *defense!* But of course Browder would be the defendant to these mobsters, even when he was suing them. I asked my questioner who he was. He answered, "Never mind who. We're for law and order, and we don't want no Communistic stuff around here."

This mob had blackjacks, pistols, and brass knuckles.

I climbed on the running board of a parked car and saw Browder drive up in a taxi. He got out, flanked by the boy in the red sweater and Seymour Waldman, with two other comrades in back. The crowd surged toward

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them, then opened. Browder walked briskly, the mob closing behind him.

Spotting Art Collins, the Law and Order leader, Browder made for him and put out his hand, saying, "Hello, Mr. Collins. You seem to have possession of the station."

Courage was expected—but this coolness was a gift from heaven. Browder was forcing Collins to acknowledge his identity!

"Come right in, come right in!" men shouted from the narrow hallway. Collins shook hands with Browder and greeted Waldman also, but was too tight to comment.

"This is the Law and Order League, isn't it?" Browder said.

"Yes," shouted several, and others, "No!" The column up the stairway was stirring.

"We're for Landon and Knox," called one. "Landon and Knox," they chorused.

"And you're the head of the Law and Order League, aren't you, Mr. Collins?" Browder was still shaking his hand. Now some soberer lieutenant saw the situation, and sharply knocked the hands apart. In another moment the column might move in. Someone jabbed at Browder. Mrs. Esther Ripple caught a heavy blow on her head.

Harold Harris, an Associated Press photographer, was perched on top of the car with me. He snapped his camera. A man inside the hall saw it, yelled, "Get that camera down!"

Heads turned as one toward the photographer—and in that instant of diverted attention Browder wheeled and made the thirty feet into the cab. Part of the crowd surged after him and from both sides unloosed a hail of tomatoes. They hurled the missiles through the windows, then flung open both doors. For a second it seemed they would seize it. But two comrades ran forward and slammed them back again and the taxi started back to the hotel.

Police had emerged, clubs raised, from the alley as Browder passed by. Photographer Harris had jumped and started running, trying to shield his camera. Beating and brass-knuckling him, they took the camera, broke its plates, and handed it back. An Associated Press reporter, standing beside the photographer, caught several blows aimed at Harris.

I stepped across the street. A tomato hurtled after me. I dodged. Beside me a man laughed, "What's the matter, do they think you're a Spanish spy?" He was another lawyer, Frank C. Walde, and he obligingly pointed to people he knew—an insurance head, a minor bank executive, an officer of the National Guard.

Tom Fuson, a trade unionist who had been here all the time, said that a leader of the affair was another of the city officials' defense counsel—Whitlock, the merchants' man.

"I saw Whitlock, the former Democratic prosecutor, commanding that sunflowered mob," Fuson reported. "I saw them taking his orders. In fact, he boasted to me about it."

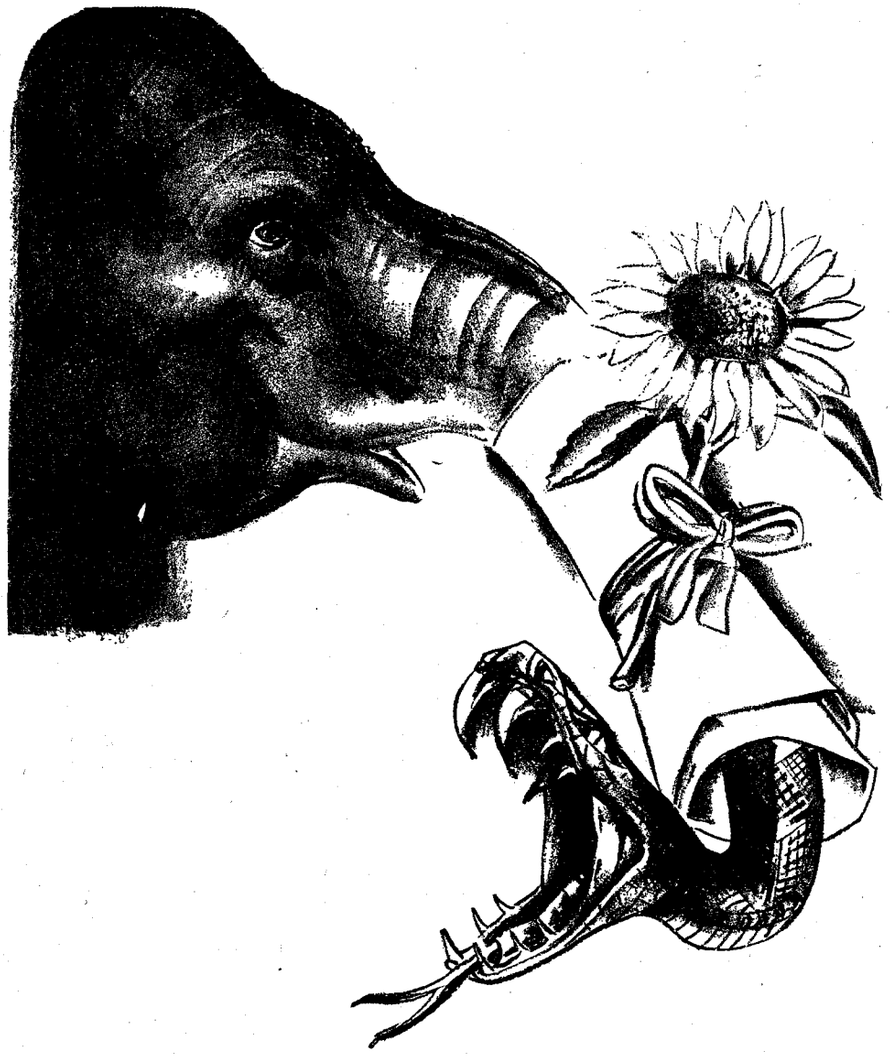
Back at the Terre Haute House, Browder was calmly relating the story. The press had more rumors; the Law and Order boys were talking of attacking the hotel. Browder telephoned New York campaign headquarters, then his wife. In a moment, Charles Stadtfeld, Communist chairman for Indiana, brought word that Chief of Police Yates was downstairs relating that the Law and Order League was meeting. Yates said he would "try" to furnish protection. About the same time a spruce stranger approached Lawyer Kingsbury in the lobby and said, "This is the second time you've been in Terre Haute. We don't want you here. If you come back, we'll get you."

"I have no desire to return," Kingsbury said, "but in the event that I have business, I shall return." He has been in and out nine times since Browder's first visit.

There was movement and talking around the hotel for some hours, but the attack rumor proved but a bluff. In the morning Browder's lawyers stood once more before Judge Owens. He saw no reason to rule at all, now. The attorneys insisted. Judge Owens denied the injunction.

As we were leaving for the train back east, a telephone call came from the state capitol in Indianapolis. The head of the state police was offering—at this point—a motorcycle escort! They did not arrive in time even to see us off.

Ever-interested reporters met Browder at Indianapolis, with word that liberal and labor leaders already were protesting to Governor McNutt. Browder commented: "Things have reached a new stage in Terre Haute. The reactionaries, with all the state apparatus in their hands, were afraid to use it again. They had to resort to direct and openly illegal force and violence. I am glad to have established the right of a Communist to enter Terre Haute without being jailed, but the fight against fascist suppression there is just beginning." Oddly, the metropolitan press which had played up the first battle of Terre Haute, emphasizing the stupidity of a few officials, now played the second battle down. This time, more than a few peewee politicians were guilty; the job had been done by the "best" pro-fascist "citizens."



LIBERTY LEAGUE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE CONSTITUTION

(The Cat and the Mice)

A CAT, feeble with age, and no longer able to hunt the Mice, thought that she might entice them within reach of her paw. She tried to pass herself off for a roll of parchment, in the hope that the Mice would no longer be afraid to come near her.

An old Mouse, who was wise enough to keep his distance, whispered to a friend: "Many a parchment scroll have I seen in my day, but never one with a cat's head."

"Stay, there, good Madame," said his friend to the Cat, "as long as you please, but I would not trust myself within reach of you though you were stuffed with straw."—from *Æsop Said So,* lithographs by Hugo Gellert.

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Getting in Deeper

In this third article on the recent terrorism trials, the author shows how the defendants' failure to win mass support made them desperate

By Joshua Kunitz

BY 1923-4, especially after the death of Lenin, the problem of building socialism in one country came to the fore again in a much intensified form. The reader will recall that in the first three or four years after the end of the civil war and the inauguration of the New Economic Policy (N.E.P.), the Bolshevik Party had achieved considerable success in restoring the economy of the country. But while the proletarian revolution was consolidating its gains in the Soviet Union, it lost ground elsewhere. It was becoming clear that the international proletarian revolution was not quite around the corner. The capitalist world was also being stabilized after a fashion. Most Bolsheviks were agreed that capitalist stabilization was temporary, that ultimately its inherent contradictions would bring it to another round of wars and revolutions, perhaps to its final collapse. But when, no one could tell. The Soviet Union could not fold its arms and wait. Either it would have to retreat from its gained positions or forge ahead.

Stalin's answer was positive: ahead toward socialism; we'll build socialism in our own country. This was the Leninist line. Indeed, shortly before his death Lenin once more reiterated that the Soviet Union had "everything necessary and in sufficient quantity for the construction of a complete Socialist society," and that "we shall transform N.E.P. Russia into Socialist Russia."

Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, with their small faith in the Russian masses, reverted to their ostensibly revolutionary, but pessimistic and, in the Soviet circumstances, *defeatist* position: you cannot build socialism in one country! Russia is technically and economically backward. The situation can be saved only by an international revolution.

The Leninist solution appealed to the vast majority of party and non-party Bolsheviks. It inspired a feeling of self-reliance and hope in the weary Soviet masses. It released their own creative energies. Certainly, they felt, the international revolution will come; certainly "*final* victory of socialism is possible only on an international scale" (Stalin), but in the meanwhile we'll proceed to build here with socialism as our aim, and we'll know at least the cause for which we are building.

This basic ideological conflict was aggravated by purely personal ambitions and motives. Lenin, whose personality and prestige had been sufficient to keep the "defective Bolsheviks" in line, was dead. The question on everyone's mind was: Who will succeed Lenin

John C. Rogers

in the leadership of the party? Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev considered themselves candidates. But Stalin's unswerving struggles for the Leninist line had won him the respect of the party majority. His Bolshevik record was clean: no vacillations, no gyrations, no breaches of discipline. He was vigorous, positive. He inspired faith. The party chose his leadership.

That the Zinoviev-Kamenev "New Opposition" of 1925-6, like its Trotskyite predecessor with which it was in essential agreement and with which it finally fused, was not purely ideological in its origin; that it was to a large degree also motivated by ambition and personal jealousy, is now quite clear. One has only to recall Pickel's description, at the recent terrorism trials, of the conceit and spite displayed by Zinoviev as far back as 1924-5 in his literary treatment of Stalin. At the trial Kamenev stated it frankly: "We were guided by boundless bitterness against the leadership of the party and country and by a thirst for power to which we had once been near and from which we had been cast away by the progress of historical development."

In Leningrad, where Zinoviev was at work, the "New Opposition," by wholesale deceptions, managed to capture the party organization and send to the Fourteenth Party Congress (December 1925) its own delegation, headed by Zinoviev. That Congress was crucial in the life of the party. Its program as expounded by Stalin was, "To transform our country from an agrarian to an industrial country capable of producing the requisite equipment with its own resources." This, Stalin pointed out, would ultimately solve the problem of the backward villages, the problem of defense, and would be of international revolutionary importance by demonstrating before the world proletariat the possibilities of socialist economy. Zinoviev, opposing it, accused the party of degeneration and opportunism, denied the socialist character of construction in the Soviet Union, and asserted that the entire system of Soviet economy constituted state capitalism. He and his group voted against the resolution approving the proposals of the Central Committee, and declared that *they would not abide by the decisions of the Congress.* Thus Zinoviev threatened a split, the creation of a second party. With the exception of Zinoviev and his group, the Congress voted unanimous approval of the party's politics.

When the Congress was at an end, the Central Committee dispatched to Leningrad some leading members of the party, including Molotov, Voroshilov, and Kalinin, to explain the latest decisions of the Congress to the Leningrad Communists. At meetings of party nuclei, held all over the city, it was revealed how the "New Oppositionists" had captured the Leningrad organization. They had concealed their opposition. Pretending loyalty to the Central Committee, they had won their credentials to the Congress where, asserting the authority vested in them by the Leningrad organization, they took an anti-party stand. The trickery exposed, 97 percent of the Leningrad Bolsheviks voted unqualified approval of the party and its Central Committee. Soon after, Kirov was elected secretary of the Leningrad Committee of the party. Kirov made short shrift of the New Opposition, completely demolishing the nest which Zinoviev and his group had feathered for themselves in Leningrad.

Zinoviev and Kamenev, the leaders of the New Opposition, though routed and exposed, refused to surrender. Feeling their power and influence slipping, they began to search for allies. They had publicly fulminated against Trotsky in 1923-4, when Trotsky had been a rival. In 1925 they had clamored for his expulsion from the party. Now, one year later, they patched up an oppositional bloc with him.

Everything was perfect, but for one thing—the proletarian masses failed to rally to them. Seeing this, the leaders of the opposition bloc (Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Yevdokimov, Sokolnikov, etc.), in an attempt to retain a foothold in the party, filed a statement (October 1926) promising to abstain from further factional activities. Nevertheless in 1927 they organized an underground party, with its own Central Committee, local committees, party dues, printing press, etc.; nor did this, in turn, deter them from again filing a statement (August 1927) with the Central Committee, renouncing all factional activities. To

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be sure, those promises were simply "maneuvers," "tactics." Indeed, on November 7, during the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, the opposition staged an open anti-party demonstration in the streets of Moscow.

ANYONE who realizes what colossal tasks confronted the party at that time must marvel at the patience with which these obstructionists were treated. But now patience was exhausted. First Trotsky and Zinoviev were expelled from the party, and a month later, at the Fifteenth Party Congress, when the opposition refused to disband, seventy-five opposition leaders including Kamenev, Yevdokimov, and Smirnov, were also expelled.

Before long Zinoviev and Kamenev, disavowing their errors, were readmitted into the party. Trotsky remained adamant, denouncing his erstwhile "allies" as contemptible traitors. In 1917 Lenin called Zinoviev and Kamenev strikebreakers. In 1924 Dzerzhinsky accused them of treason. Now Trotsky shouted "traitors."

Actually, of course, there was no basic disagreement between them and Trotsky.

"Our disagreements with Trotsky after the Fifteenth Congress," testifies Zinoviev, "when Trotsky applied to me and Kamenev the word 'treason,' was merely a tiny zigzag, a slight misunderstanding. We were at that time guilty of no treason to Trotsky but were guilty of once more betraying the Bolshevik Party to which we belonged. . . . After 1928, after the Fifteenth Congress, we did not make a single step, we did not utter a single word without betraying the party in one way or another, without resorting to double-dealing in one way or another. . . . Between 1928 and 1932 there was never for a single moment any difference between us and the Trotskyites. We therefore, quite naturally, though at first independently, came to terrorism."

Kamenev confirms Zinoviev's statement. "For ten years," he testifies, "I carried on a fight against the party, against the Government of the Soviet land, against Stalin personally. In this struggle I used the entire arsenal of political means known to me—open political dissension, attempts to penetrate factories and plants, illegal proclamations, underground printshops, deceit, organizing street demonstrations, conspiracy, and finally terrorism."

LET US examine a little more closely this "natural" transition, after 1928, of these one-time "Marxists" to the methods of individual terror. First, consider the objective causes. The reader will recall the tremendous difficulties which accompanied the intensified industrialization and collectivization during the first Five Year Plan. Hard work, food rationing, lack of trained cadres, kulak resistance in the village, wholesale slaughter of cattle, food lines, poorly functioning transport, a disturbed financial system, dearth of consumers' goods. One had to have vision and faith to foresee then (in 1930, 1931, and even at the beginning of 1932) the triumphs of socialism now visible to the whole world. At that time considerable sections of the population—kulaks, former nepmen, the bourgeois intelligentsia, the old professionals—were either definitely opposed or disaffected. Among the remaining sections of the population—office workers, middle peasants, and even small numbers of the industrial proletariat—a mood of skepticism and discouragement was not uncommon. It was natural that in this atmosphere of economic strain and sharpened class conflict, disaffection should seek political expression. Hence the underground "Industrial Party" with its plots of sabotage, foreign intervention, and counter-revolution; hence the underground counter-revolutionary Peasant Party; hence the underground stirrings among the Mensheviks—discovered and exposed at sensational public trials in the fall and winter of 1931-2.

That these tendencies, these moods would to a certain measure affect the dissident elements

Recent Acquisition from the Economic Royalist Kennels

Maurice Becker

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in and around the Communist Party was inevitable. The party did not exist or function in a vacuum; the less stable, less hardened, less principled, less loyal, less far-sighted members of the party yielded, in varying degrees, and often quite unconsciously, to the influence of inimical moods and ideas seeping in from the outside. The sharpened Right and Left deviations from the party line at that time can be traced, in the main, to the augmented pressure on the party from the alien classes which were being relegated to the rear and pushed ruthlessly, step by step, out of the national economy.

Thus, the objective conditions which would generate all kinds of extremist tendencies, including conspiracy and terror, existed. Terror was in the air. Kulaks were killing Communists. Communists were shooting counter-revolutionists, *saboteurs,* destroyers of collective property.

Now turn to Zinoviev and Kamenev and Trotsky—people of no ordinary stature, people with great natural endowments and just as great natural defects. Not so many years ago, their names and their words resounded throughout the world, standing as they did at the very heart of world-shaking events, at the center of a great movement, a great country. They had helped to shape policies which were to affect mankind for generations to come. They had come, however, gradually to identify the Revolution with themselves. It was their Revolution, their proletariat, their Soviet Union. Now that the matchless Lenin was dead, they could not bear to stand in any position except leadership.

But the Soviet masses judged them not only by their past, but by their present—their factionalism, their lack of discipline, their opportunism, their deep distrust of the masses. The masses repudiated them.

They could not accept it, could not endure it. It was all a prodigious mistake, a nightmare, a plot. Stalin, the Central Committee, the whole party, were responsible. Stalin's influence was growing, his prestige in the party rising. Stalin therefore became the personification of their evil fate. They came to hate him with a hatred commensurate only with their towering and frustrated ambition.

"We were figuring on a growth of difficulties," testifies Zinoviev, "hoping that they would grow to such a degree that we, both the Rights and the Trotskyites and the smaller groups affiliated with them, would be able to come out openly. . . . We were aflame with hatred for the Central Committee of the party and for Stalin. . . . We entered into a union with Trotsky. We became deputies of the Mensheviks, the Social Revolutionists, White Guards, who could not come out openly in our country. We became the deputies of Socialist-Revolutionist terrorism. Not pre-Revolutionary terrorism directed against the autocracy, but Right-Socialist-Revolutionist terrorism of the period of the civil war, when the Socialist Revolutionists shot at Lenin."

Such is the road of *active* opposition in a revolutionary movement. "My defective Bolshevism became anti-Bolshevism, and through Trotskyism I came to fascism." Such is the illuminating testimony of Zinoviev. Now we can understand many things which seemed incomprehensible before. Now we can see how these "Marxists" reconciled their Marxism with terrorism. The answer is clear: They had ceased to be Marxists, ceased to be Leninists, ceased to be Bolsheviks—they had become a species of fascists. They coöperated, through Nathan and Moses Lurye, and through the terrorist Olberg with an agent of Himmler, the present chief of the Gestapo, and other agents of the German police. They did not have to reconcile Marxism with terrorism. They had no Marxism left in them. To fascists, murder is a normal form of political expression. That is why Zinoviev and Kamenev and Trotsky "quite naturally came to terrorism."

(*To be concluded*)

Letter to My Parents

This is a letter written out of memory:
Death's catalogue, war's imperious pain,
The flag's wild fever, victories unachieved.
Statues decay under the frost and rain
That blossomed marble in the greenery,
Frontiers lost in death and unretrieved—
Lost in blood the earth's last vivid tree.

Bill James

Recall these words I write: You who have seen
Quick anguish and defeat shall live to see
Loud awakenings upon the shore
Of Purpose undefeated. You who grieved
Accepting the legal paper at the door,
Dispossessed from the growing country,
See promise on the landscape's silent screen.

What will become of us?
Our children fail.
Flesh withers to dust,
The burning wire
Of love and desire
Consumed in rust.

What will become of us?

Rising from bed,
Crying, Daughter, Son,
(Leaned by the gun
The pale forehead)
Days speed on
To oblivion.

What shall we reap
But brave predictions
Lipped at the mouth:
Nightmares of destruction,
The last long sleep
Without mortgage, evictions.

This is a letter to you out of the night
Bearing messages from a green land
Where shines the sun in warm perpetual light,
Sweet bird, the factory whistle's fluent lark,
The airport's bright enormous butterfly.
This is a letter dreamed within the dark
When two reached out a hand to touch a hand.

New continents of hope inhabit vision,
And they who face the light fear not to die.
Accept their faith, the proud, the young's decision—
Behold the dawn's inscription on the sky!

WILLARD MAAS.

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How Not to Waste Your Ballot

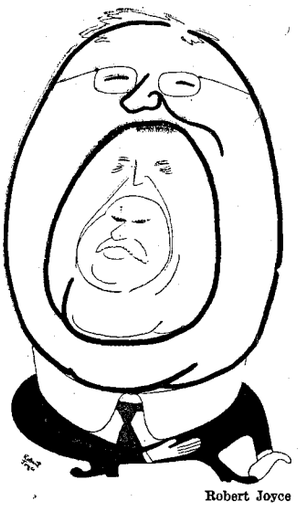
The author indicates the significance of the Communist and Socialist vote next Tuesday

By Joseph Freeman

NO progressive today can doubt the grave danger to the life, liberty, and security of the American people represented by Landon, whose defeat must be the first concern of those who would safeguard such vestiges of democracy as may still be left. No intelligent man or woman can for a moment believe that Roosevelt stands for "revolution," or that he is a bulwark against the fascist trend, or that the Communists support him. Nor will the intelligent progressive have anything for the Coughlin-Lemke group except the most severe condemnation as a fascist canker upon the national life. If those forces in America which want to improve the condition of the masses are to be effective they must take independent political action, they must make it clear at the ballot box on November 3 that they are free of the domination and deception of the old parties, and are ready to fight on their own for their most elementary needs, for bread, peace, and freedom.

Two parties offer the progressive a chance to take this imperative political step. One of these is the Socialist Party. Without doubt, the majority of Socialists are sincere men and women, genuinely interested in improving the conditions of the American people under the present social order, and anxious to replace the decaying capitalist system with a form of socialism. For this reason many progressives would have been glad to see a united front of the Communists and Socialists in this campaign. They would have been happier still to see a national Farmer-Labor Party which would have included the Socialists, the Communists, and various liberal and labor groups in one broad people's front against fascism and war. Such a union of all forward-looking forces would have been the most effective reply to the reaction, the most telling instrument for defending, safeguarding, and extending our rights and interests.

In the absence of such a people's front, we find the Socialist Party operating as an isolated group, unable to cope with the exigencies of this critical election campaign. The first serious mistake of the Socialists, it would seem, is their underestimation of the reactionary danger inherent in the Republican Party. The Socialists apparently accept the Republican demagogy at its face value. When Landon issues a "liberal" statement, Norman Thomas feels called upon to aid him in the manner of his letter on the labor question. When Hearst brazenly and falsely declares



Robert Joyce

"Silence Is Golden, Alf"

that the Communists, under orders from Moscow, are backing Roosevelt, Norman Thomas falls into the trap and repeats the falsehood. Through his failure to grasp the realities of politics, Norman Thomas objectively aids Hearst, and every progressive finds himself regretting that the Hearst press can approvingly quote Thomas at length on the front page, in the interests of the Landon campaign.

Norman Thomas's mistakes spring from a fundamental error in the Socialist campaign this year. The Socialist Party agrees with the Republican Party that the issue of the campaign is socialism or capitalism. This conception confuses the issue, and the Socialist presidential candidate manages to confound even this confusion. On the one hand, Norman Thomas believes that Roosevelt is the best thing possible under capitalism; if you want reforms, he argues, better stick to Roosevelt. But since they pose socialism as the immediate issue in the campaign, the Socialists conclude that it is a matter of indifference to workers and middle-class groups whether Landon or Roosevelt wins the election.

Norman Thomas once considered the New Deal almost a socialist revolution; Hearst still says that it is the socialist revolution. But anyone with the least political literacy can see that Roosevelt's policies are not socialism; they are not even a step toward socialism. The most that Roosevelt has ever done has been to attempt to smooth out the worst abuses of capitalism. Such reforms as he tried to inaugurate were designed to give capitalism a longer lease of life. That is why the New Deal had the support of big business in its early stages; it is only now, when big business has gotten all the advantages it could out of the New Deal, that it has raised the cry of "revolution."

The President himself made this abundantly clear in his Syracuse speech, with its pointed parable of the silk hat. He appealed to the gratitude of big business. He told the bankers and industrialists that he saved them by making slight concessions to the workers, farmers, and middle-class groups. "I am that kind of conservative," he explained, "because I am that kind of a liberal." Reform to preserve! And he stated—quite accurately—that communism is not an issue between the major parties.

Why then do the tories and the economic royalists insist that the main issue is socialism versus capitalism? Why do they labor so desperately to pin the Communist label on the New Deal? Anyone with a grain of common sense can see that this political hocus pocus has two objectives. By yelling *socialism,* as one might yell *fire,* the reactionaries hope to alarm all people of property, but especially small property owners like the poor farmers and certain types of professionals; they are trying to frighten these groups with nightmares of immediate confiscation. In this way they hope to stampede middle-class groups in the direction of fascism. Then again, by identifying socialism with the failures of the New Deal, the reactionaries hope to discredit socialism. And the Socialist Party does no service to the cause of progress by playing directly into the hands of the reaction, by supporting the demagogy that socialism is the main issue in 1936.

Surveying the campaign as a whole, it becomes apparent that of all the political parties in the field, the Communists have analyzed the present moment most accurately. They have not abandoned their fundamental aims one iota; they insist that the only final guarantee of progress is to abolish capitalism and move to socialism. But they do not think that socialism is the direct issue of the 1936 elections; they maintain that the main issue is democracy or fascism, war or peace. They emphasize that a consistent and continuous struggle for democracy and progress leads to the socialist society. But they say that in this campaign we have not yet reached this stage; we are now above everything else compelled to fight for the preservation and extension of democracy against fascist assaults.

The Communists urge that the best way to stop fascism in this country is by a more

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serious and effective movement toward the unity of all truly progressive forces, a unity which will give tangible promise of making a national Farmer-Labor Party a major factor in the 1940 presidential campaign. They have pledged themselves to "support every serious effort to unite the progressive forces against threatening reaction."

This basic idea has conditioned the Communist campaign this year. The Communist Party insists that the only way to prevent the reactionary demagogues from influencing the masses in the direction of fascism is to go to the people with a program of immediate struggle to remedy grievances now, to show the masses that the real progressives and the revolutionaries are the best fighters for their immediate interests. This makes the Communists the only party in this campaign with a practical program for winning people away from fascism toward democracy.

The Communists, as distinguished from the Socialists, persistently point to the Republican Party and its reactionary allies as the chief danger to the peace, freedom, and prosperity of the American people; they call for the defeat of the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League alliance. At the same time, they have emphasized repeatedly that Roosevelt and his administration have retreated time and again before the attacks of the reaction. Far from supporting Roosevelt, they call for action which will stop the surrender of our rights and interests in Washington.

Toward the Socialist Party, the Communists maintain an attitude rooted in their fundamental desire to coöperate in building a people's front in America. They are convinced that the Socialist Party is moving into the backwater of doctrinaire sectarianism, that it is drifting out of the main currents of American life. To remedy this, the Communists urge that the Socialists be won for the people's united front, for the Farmer-Labor Party.

By this time it must be clear that the Communists are not supporting the candidates of any other party. They have nominated Earl Browder for president and James W. Ford for vice-president. These, and none other, are the candidates whom the Communists urge voters to support.

There are, however, other misconceptions about the Communist Party which need to be cleared up. One of these has been propagated far and wide by the reactionaries, and has been echoed by certain shady elements who have smuggled themselves into the Socialist Party. Paying lip-service to Americanism, to the Constitution, to free speech, Hearst and his like demand that Communists be barred from speaking over the radio and that the Communist Party be removed from the ballot. The greatest scandal of this campaign has been the arrest of Earl Browder for trying to exercise his right of free speech.

This thoroughly un-American fascist doctrine is "justified" on the ground that Communists take their orders from "alien" sources. The reference is to Moscow.

It is true, of course, that American Communists, in common with progressive men and women in every country of the world, look to the Soviet Union as a pioneer in mankind's advance toward a better world. But it must be remembered that the American Communist Party grew out of the American Socialist Party, which contained Marxist groups long before the Russian revolution. Socialism is neither Russian nor German, neither French nor American; it is international. In each country the reactionaries seek to arouse blind chauvinist hatred against it by calling it "alien." Czarist officials used to damn socialism as German; the kaiser's henchmen damned it as French; English tories damned it as continental; Japanese fascists damn it as European—just as William Randolph Hearst does. Every Communist Party in the world consists of citizens of the given country who make their own policy according to the historic needs of the people.

In the United States, the Communists are an open revolutionary party continuing the best democratic traditions of this country. Communists are not terrorists; their party is a legal party and defends its legality; their party is an American party which fights for the liberty of the American people against the fascist threats of the reactionaries.

The measures which the Communists propose for defending and extending democracy and for combating fascism and war are contained in their platform, which is marked by great clarity in meeting the most vital current issues. That platform declares that the peace, freedom, and security of the people are at stake; that the central issue in the campaign is democracy or fascism, progress or reaction. Hence the Communist Party and its candidates urge a program which can be carried out now.

Put America back to work, the Communists say; provide jobs and a living wage for all; open the closed factories. If the private employers will not or cannot do so, then the government must open and operate the factories,

The Prize Ass of the Campaign

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mills, and mines for the benefit of the people. Industry and the productive powers of our nation must be used to give every working man and woman—and this includes the professionals—a real, American living standard, with a minimum annual wage guaranteed by law.

Provide unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and social security for all, say the Communists. They therefore back the Frazier-Lundeen bill which provides compensation for all unemployed without exception, and pensions for the aged from sixty years at rates equal to former earnings, but in no case less than ten dollars a week with three dollars for each dependent. They also favor a federal system of maternity and health insurance, which, in addition to benefiting the people as a whole, would give employment to many more doctors, nurses, and other professionals engaged in the health services. Of special interest to the professionals is the plank which demands that all relief cuts be stopped, and that the W.P.A. be maintained and *extended*. The platform also urges a wide federal-works program to provide housing at low rentals, schools, health and recreational facilities. This again means great benefit not only to workers and farmers, but more employment and better wages for architects, teachers, doctors, nurses, etc.

Save the young generation, the Communists urge. Their platform demands the enactment into law of the American Youth Act which provides for jobs, educational opportunities, and vocational training for all young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. The platform also urges the extension of the National Youth Administration budget, as well as free education and financial assistance to the youth and children through both federal and state appropriations. Here, too, the benefits extend from the young people to the teachers, vocational guides, and other professionals engaged in this field.

The Communists urge that the rich, who monopolize the wealth of our country, shall be taxed to pay for social and labor legislation. They are opposed to sales taxes in any form, including processing taxes, and urge their immediate appeal. The main source of government finance, they say, must be a system of sharply graduated taxation upon incomes of over $5000 a year, upon corporate profits and surpluses, as well as taxation upon the present tax-exempt securities and large gifts and inheritances. People of small income, small property, and home owners must be protected, the Communists say, against foreclosures and seizures and from burdensome taxes and high interest rates. They also oppose inflationary policies, which bring catastrophe and ruin to the middle classes, the workers, and the farmers, and enrich the speculators. And they favor the nationalization of the entire banking system.

The Communists favor a constitutional amendment to end the dictatorial and usurped powers of the Supreme Court. They demand further that Congress immediately reassert its constitutional powers to enact social and labor legislation and to curb Supreme Court usurpation. The Communists champion the unrestricted freedom of speech, press, radio, and assembly, and the right to organize and strike. They call upon the people to safeguard these traditional liberties.

Mining Town Tromka

The platform of the Communist Party demands that anti-Semitic propaganda be prohibited by law, and that the Negro people be guaranteed complete equality, equal rights to jobs, equal pay for equal work, the full right to organize, vote, serve on juries, and hold public office.

Finally, the Communist platform urges that America be kept out of war by keeping war out of the world. It declares that peace must be maintained and defended at all costs. It favors strengthening all measures for collective security. It urges effective economic measures to this end by the League of Nations against Hitler Germany, Fascist Italy, and imperialist Japan, and wants the United States government to support these measures. The Communists consider the expenditure of billions for armaments and other war preparations unnecessary and provocative, contributing to the danger of a new world war. They believe that instead of developing greater armaments, the United States should develop an American peace policy in close collaboration with the Soviet Union, based on the complete prohibition of the sale and delivery of goods, or the granting of loans, to nations engaged in a foreign war contrary to the provisions of the Kellogg Peace Pact. The huge funds now spent for armaments, the Communists say, should be spent instead on supporting the suffering people.

No clearer or more practical program than this has been presented to the electorate by any other party as far as the immediate issues of 1936 are concerned; and its relation to the socialist society becomes significant if one remembers Lenin's saying: Through liberty to socialism.

Yet there are those who argue that if Landon represents the greatest danger, the progressives ought to vote for Roosevelt. A vote for Browder, these people say, means one vote less for Roosevelt, hence that much aid to Landon. This argument has no practical validity. It is obvious that Roosevelt, who vacillates between progressive and reactionary forces, will be respectful toward the demands of liberal and labor groups in direct proportion to the vote of the most progressive party in the field, the Communist Party.

Every vote for the Communist candidates adds that much strength to the movement for democracy and progress, to the movement for a strong national Farmer-Labor or People's party, to the movement for peace. This holds true also of the argument about the "wasted" vote. For professional people and intellectuals *not* to vote for Browder and Ford in this election is indeed to waste their votes. The most effective thing they can do with their ballots is to place themselves on record for the Communist program which seeks "a progressive, free, prosperous, and happy America." This program gives us a real basis for an American way out of the crisis, a way that ought to be followed by the majority of Americans.

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Pax Americana

Investments of five and a half billion American dollars form an ominous background against which Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy takes shape

By Clyde O. Hunter

AWARE of the will for peace among the electorate, President Roosevelt's campaign strategists have exploited without restraint the much vaunted policy of the "good neighbor." The Republicans, where they have ventured to counter at all, have engaged in rather feeble invective against the administration's record in foreign affairs, taking pains meanwhile to conceal their own unstintedly aggressive plans for U. S. foreign policy. An examination of Latin American realities as revealed on the eve of the Inter-American Peace Conference which President Roosevelt has called for December in Buenos Aires, sheds considerable light on the issue of "good neighborism." Such an examination will establish the following: (1) the Latin American countries, while nominally independent states, are not truly so since they are dominated politically as well as economically by American, and to a lesser extent, British financial interests; (2) with the exception of Mexico, and to a certain degree Costa Rica and Colombia, none of the twenty Latin American republics can, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be said to have representative governments; (3) powerful mass movements, struggling for genuine national autonomy, for land and for improved working and living conditions, have arisen on both continents and in the islands of the Caribbean; (4) Latin America is today the scene of bitter economic rivalry among the United States, Great Britain, and more recently, Japan, a rivalry which is destined to increase in intensity because of world economic conditions.

SINCE it is a commonplace that political power rests on economic power, then a nation which does not own or effectively control its major economic resources cannot, in any real sense, be a sovereign state. Without exception, the Latin American countries, whether they are legal colonies like Puerto Rico or Jamaica, or officially independent like Cuba or Venezuela, are bound hand and foot to foreign capitalists. From the Rio Grande to the Tierra del Fuego, these capitalists own the chief mineral and petroleum deposits, power plants, large processing plants, transportation and communication systems, and the profitable agricultural products like sugar, coffee, bananas, cotton, etc. With the exception of the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, and the tiny British colonies, where most of the British capital is concentrated, American financial interests are all-powerful. At the same time, in the Argentine and especially in Brazil, American capital is rapidly assuming a commanding position. In all, American investments and loans in Latin America amount to more than five and a half billion dollars.

These five and a half billion dollars, openly or secretly protected by the U. S. government, are able to set up, overthrow, and otherwise manipulate Latin American governments. The latter are thus henchmen of American interests. However, these interests clash with those of the great mass of population. American imperialism exploits workers and peasants to a degree unheard of in Georgia or Mississippi; and by using Latin America as a source of raw materials and a dumping ground for finished products, it disrupts the natural economy of the various republics, it retards their industrial development and drives native entrepreneurs out of business. It is no wonder, then, that the great majority of Latin American governments are brutal and ill-disguised dictatorships. Colombia and Costa Rica, while firmly in the grip of Wall Street, have managed to retain a certain amount of civil liberty. Mexico practically stands alone today because the Cárdenas government, supported by the great mass of people, has set out to achieve genuine political and economic independence.

Because of the world-wide economic crisis, which still further depressed standards of living in Latin America, and for other reasons that we need not go into here, what is generally known as "social unrest" has begun to sweep through the Hispanic countries. This social unrest has assumed various forms during the last year: revolutions in Brazil and Honduras, a railroad strike in Chile, riots and general strikes in the Argentine, popular uprisings in Venezuela, an oil workers' strike in Colombia, coups d'état in Ecuador, Paraguay, and Bolivia, and a whole series of peasant and labor disturbances which left no country untouched. Whatever form these disturbances have taken, they all have common characteristics.

Soriano

They represent first and foremost a determination to secure better living and working conditions and civil liberties; but for the first time on any large scale, the masses have consciously linked this struggle with the broader struggle against *foreign imperialism* and for *national liberation*. Hence the growth of such powerful mass movements as the National Liberation Alliance in Brazil, the People's Front in Mexico, and, more recently, a People's Front in Chile; hence the cry for independence that has arisen in Puerto Rico. In no sense are these movements communistic, though Communists participate in them. Nevertheless, in most countries south of Mexico the hired dictators of Wall Street and the City of London have been conducting violent Red-baiting campaigns amounting to a veritable reign of terror against these mass movements.

The rivalry between the United States and Great Britain for the Latin American market is an old story. The Monroe Doctrine, formulated over a century ago, was originally aimed against Great Britain and other competitors in the Caribbean region. In 1895 the two countries almost went to war over a Venezuelan boundary dispute. The long Chaco war was in reality an Anglo-American conflict. Since the depression, the battle for the South American market has become more intense and there is every reason to believe that it will steadily grow more acute.

This economic struggle may conceivably lead to a war between the two imperialist powers. Though this is not a likely prospect for the near future, wars between the semi-colonies of these two powers, like that between Bolivia and Paraguay, are not at all unlikely. In fact the chief danger of war on the southern continent lies not in any real quarrel between the Latin American nations, but in the relentless commercial war that is ever in progress between the United States and Great Britain. Japan has recently en-

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tered the arena, and though not yet a serious competitor, it is potentially a dangerous rival. It has already scored one important diplomatic success in the western hemisphere. San Salvador is the only country beside Japan to have recognized Manchukuo.

THESE ARE the fundamental realities that we must keep in mind when any problem concerning inter-American relations is raised. We must also realize that the tactics of American imperialism have changed since the days of Coolidge. New conditions have forced them to change. They must be more subtle to meet the rising tide of Latin American nationalism; they must be more aggressive than ever to meet British and Japanese competition; they must be as effective as possible in providing an outlet for American products. Seen in this light, the Inter-American Peace Conference is at once a bold and clever maneuver of American imperialism.

With a grand gesture, Mr. Roosevelt has declared that the United States renounces its traditional policy of intervention in the affairs of its neighbors. He has even given proof of his good intentions by abrogating the Platt Amendment in Cuba.

But it is obvious to almost anyone who reads the newspapers that intervention has not ceased there. It has merely become a rather clumsily concealed meddling. Ambassador Caffery, representing American investors, is the real dictator of the island; however, instead of using U. S. marines, he maintains "law and order" through Colonel Batista and his well-paid mercenary troops. Yet there is always the danger that direct intervention may become necessary. When Sumner Welles destroyed the Grau San Martin government, a cordon of American battleships encircled the island. It was merely a piece of good luck for American diplomacy that the battleships did not have to be used for other purposes than to produce "moral" effect.

It is clearly one of the chief purposes of the Inter-American Peace Conference to provide an effective way to handle emergencies that call for direct intervention. A "League of American Nations," so ardently espoused by some of the puppet dictators of Central and South America, could very easily fill the bill by creating the myth of *collective American action.* If a new Sandino should arise and the local militia prove unable to cope with him, the "League of American Nations" could very conveniently apply armed sanctions against the rebel at Washington's behest.

The "League of American Nations," or some similar arrangement that might come out of the Buenos Aires conference, would thus be an improvement in the technique of intervention-without-responsibility. It could also serve to ease pressure in the United States, where citizens are more disposed to object to "dollar diplomacy" than before. Such an organization would also be a powerful weapon against revolution in Latin America, and by centralizing police and espionage activities, it would facilitate the relentless drive against liberals, radicals, trade unionists, and all true nationalists that is now in progress. Last, but by no means least, a successful Inter-American Peace Conference would hasten the complete economic subjugation of the southern countries through a wider application of the reciprocal trade agreements.

SINCE 1934 the United States has signed so-called "reciprocal" treaties with six Latin American countries: Cuba, Haiti, Brazil, Honduras, Colombia, and Nicaragua. Short of actual military penetration, these commercial pacts represent the most flagrant attempts at economic conquest in recent years. The treaty just signed with Colombia can serve as a typical example. Briefly, this trade agreement permits a few non-competing Colombian products such as coffee, bananas, crude ipecac, etc. (almost entirely owned by American firms) to enter the United States duty free. In return, Colombia grants tariff concessions, ranging from 20 to 90 percent, on more than 150 classifications covering several hundred items.

Dictator Bennett Buck

These include not only machinery, automobiles, etc., but certain agricultural products and consumer goods which displace European and Japanese commodities and, more important still, enter into direct competition with native agriculture and industry. The latter, to meet Yankee competition, must attempt further to reduce wages and lengthen hours, but even then will be unable to survive the uneven battle. The inevitable result will thus be still lower standards of living for the great masses of Colombians; ruin for the small native capitalists; stultification of native agriculture and industry producing for the home market; elimination of British and Japanese competition.

It is no wonder, then, that the forthcoming Inter-American Peace Conference is a source of serious concern for British and Japanese commerce and that it is not regarded with universal approval in Latin America. It is significant that Canada has not been invited to participate in the conference. It is also significant that while Wall Street-controlled Latin American governments are either resigning or threatening to withdraw from the League of Nations, workers, intellectuals, and all genuine nationalists in the Hispanic republics are turning with great fervor to Geneva.

Mexico's progressive government, for example, while it has accepted the invitation to attend the Buenos Aires conference, has officially reiterated its adherence to the League of Nations and the principles of world-wide —not only American—collective security against war. At the same time, the powerful confederation of the Workers of Mexico (C.T.M.) has proposed that the Inter-American Peace Conference be broadened to include representatives of labor and other popular organizations. This would, of course, be an effective way of liberalizing the conference and thwarting the designs of Yankee imperialism.

The C.T.M.'s proposal was addressed to Mexico's foreign minister, and while no reply has been received, its repercussions have been felt throughout Latin America. In the Argentine a People's Peace Conference is to take place simultaneously with the Inter-American Conference. The duties of American labor, peace, anti-fascist, and anti-imperialist organizations in this connection are plain. All Americans opposed to Wall Street rule should second the efforts of the C.T.M. by demanding that Washington open up the Buenos Aires conference to the widest possible popular representation.

MEANWHILE Secretary Hull tells us that though war looms in Europe, we in the Americas are going to keep the peace. Through the Inter-American Peace Conference, we are going "to set an example to the world of friendly coöperation and enlightened internationalism." Unless the peoples of the Americas take a hand in guiding the destinies of the conference, can we expect peace and "friendly coöperation" to be born in Buenos Aires this December? Yes, there is one sort of peace that may well be the result of Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Hull's efforts, if Wall Street is permitted to have its way at Buenos Aires.

It is a peace that might be called "Pax Americana," the peace of a victorious Spread Eagle in complete and undisputed control of two continents, of a vast territory shut off from British and Japanese influence, the populations of which would be held in a state of vassalage.

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READERS' FORUM

Zinoviev's party record—Another form of mass art—The Spanish war in the movies

● To supplement what Joshua Kunitz has written thus far, I am listing a short chronology of Zinoviev's "revolutionary" career, as a sample of what sort of "famous revolutionists" these men were. . . . It is high time that people in this country realized that these men were not "Starie Bolsheviki" in any real sense of the word.

Oct. 1917—Zinoviev and Kamenev were the only two members of the Central Committee who voted against the October Revolution. They went so far as to appeal, through a non-party paper, against this decision, thereby jeopardizing the success of the insurrection by making it known ahead of time. At that time Lenin wrote a letter to the party in which he said: "I should consider it disgraceful on my part, if, on account of my former close relations with these former comrades, I were to hesitate to condemn them. I declare outright that I do not consider either of them comrades any longer and that I will fight with all my might, both in the Central Committee and at the Congress, to secure the expulsion of both of them from the party."

Nov. 1917—Zinoviev, along with Kamenev and others, withdrew from the Central Committee when their proposal to form a government of "all socialist parties" was rejected by the party in favor of the government of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

1922—Zinoviev proposed to return the property of an English enterprise to its former owner in order to placate the Entente. His proposal was rejected.

1923—Zinoviev developed the idea of the "dictatorship of the party" to replace the Soviets of Workers and Peasants Deputies.

1925—Zinoviev, as a leader of the "New Opposition" denied the possibility of the victory of Socialism in one country, denied the need for an alliance with the middle peasants, and demanded that the party permit factionalism within its organization.

1926—Leningrad Party organizations rejected Zinoviev's "New Opposition" and Kirov was elected secretary of the Leningrad Committee.

Zinoviev and Kamenev, as leaders of the "New Opposition," united with the Trotskyist group to form the united opposition "bloc."

Zinoviev and others, after the rejection of their demands by the Plenum, broke party discipline in atempts to speak to workers on issues already decided by the Plenum. At the Red Putilov Works the workers refused to hear him.

July 1926—Zinoviev removed from all political work and from work in the Comintern.

Oct. 1936—The opposition bloc stated that it would refrain from further factional work.

Spring 1927—The opposition became an underground party with a central committee, etc., to carry on anti-party work.

Aug. 1927—The opposition again stated that it would refrain from factional work, and a Party resolution to expel Zinoviev and Trotsky was commuted to a severe reprimand.

Sept. 1927—A secret printing shop of the opposition was discovered.

Oct. 1927—Zinoviev and Trotsky were removed from the Central Committee.

Nov. 1927—Zinoviev, along with Trotsky, was expelled from the party for his part in the opposition organization.

May 1928—Zinoviev was readmitted to the party after stating that he had broken with the Trotsky organization.

Oct. 1932—Zinoviev and Kamenev were discovered to have known about the anti-party kulak group of Riutin and Galkin, without reporting it to the party. For this they were expelled from the party.

1933—Zinoviev was readmitted to the party after admitting his earlier anti-party work.

Feb. 1934—Zinoviev again swore loyalty to the party and renounced all his earlier deviations.

Dec. 1934—Zinoviev was found to be one of the leaders of the "Moscow Center," indirectly responsible for the murder of Kirov. He was sentenced to imprisonment.

Aug. 1936—Zinoviev confessed full guilt in the counter-revolutionary, anti-Soviet, anti-party, terrorist organizations, responsible for the murder of Kirov as well as for conspiracies against other leaders in the Soviet Union. He was convicted and shot.

Perhaps such a chronology will make it easier for people in this country to decide whether or not the last item in the chronology is the logical and necessary sequel to the earlier items.

JEAN FLETCHER.

Art to Fit the Pocketbook

● In your Readers' Forum in the October 20 issue, P. S. says he likes your new NEW MASSES, including the art, but wants you to let him know where your readers can acquire art within the range of their pocketbooks. In your October 27 issue you publish an announcement of the new series of reproductions put out by Living American Art, Inc., which is being exhibited throughout the country and offered for sale at five dollars each. This is fine. It indicates that the commercial world has recognized the possibilities of art on a mass basis.

I should also like to call the attention of P. S., and your other readers, to the Print Series issued by the American Artists School, including original hand-pulled lithographs by Alfero Siqueiros, Max Weber, Elizabeth Olds, Anton Refregier, Louis Lozowick. This group of five prints may be had for $10. The edition is limited to 150 sets. I do not need to remind readers of NEW MASSES of the high standing of these artists in the field of modern, progressive art. This is the Second Edition of the first annual print series. It was issued because the first edition was sold out even before the prints were issued.

The purchaser of this Print Series not only gets an unprecedented value, but he contributes to the support of what we believe is the most progressive art school in America today. The American Artists School is a coöperative organization, conducted by a group of well-known artists, many of them NEW MASSES contributors. They give their time without charge because of their desire to develop a new type of art education which will train the student to become an independent thinker as well as a skilled craftsman. The school has solicited the collaboration of psychologists and social commentators to guide students in an understanding of the social forces reflected in the "American scene" today. A number of sets of the second edition prints are still available. They may be obtained only through the school, 131 W. 14th St., New York.

MARTHA PEARSE, *Executive Secretary.*

Mary Gordon

To Glorify Fascism?

● I should like to call the attention of your readers to the fact that Twentieth Century-Fox is now engaged in the production of a film to be called *The Siege of the Alcazar.* The title alone is enough to suggest what it is that the producers have in mind and there is danger that if the picture lives up to announced plans it will not only be an out and out hymn of praise for the fascist butchers but will be followed by a whole cycle of films glorifying the exploits of chauvinists the world over.

According to studio announcements it is intended to make this one of the "sensations" of the season. Darryl Zanuck is personally supervising the production, Sonya Levien is writing the story, and Kenneth Macgowan is listed as producer. Although preparations are going on in earnest, there are signs that production has run into some sort of snag. The studio may be waiting to see what public reaction is like before going ahead with the project but most likely the writing staff is having difficulty working up a story that will not offend too many people. It is not impossible that certain individuals connected with the production are lacking in enthusiasm for the theme. Certainly Kenneth Macgowan must be ill at ease in handling this material and it would be no surprise to hear that he has been replaced with a more sympathetic supervisor.

Whatever the reason for the delay, enemies of war and fascism should take advantage of the situation by declaring themselves opposed to its production and, failing that, to boycott the film when it comes to the theaters. Readers of the NEW MASSES and representatives of mass organizations and labor unions should send letters of protest to Darryl Zanuck, Kenneth Macgowan, and Sonya Levien in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp., Hollywood, Cal. Mass pressure has not always moved Hollywood in the past but on this issue it should be possible to mobilize a body of opinion that will make the producers think twice before rushing to cash in on the tragedy of the Spanish people.

W. R.

Good Idea

● The old issues of NEW MASSES keep piling up and consuming space—what to do with them? On my way downtown each day I leave one issue on the subway seat or in the street car, and invariably it is read by the person nearby. I generally turn to a leading or popular article of each issue which hits the eye, and later the mind. How about you fellow readers following suit, instead of just throwing the old issues on the scrap heap?

H. P.

We Take a Bow

● We are very glad to be receiving NEW MASSES regularly, which keeps up the high standard we have come to expect of it. We are looking forward to the day when we have such a vigorous weekly paper in England.

EDGELL RICKWORD, Editor *Left Review.*
London.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

The Progressive Vote

THE campaign is on its last lap, and the Landon-Hearst crowd has nothing to say at the end which it did not say at the beginning. Speaking in Baltimore, the Kansas Trilby once more raised the bogy of a Roosevelt "dictatorship," rose to the defense of the Constitution in the fashion now made familiar by Hearst, and talked about the New Deal as "this foreign pattern."

To some extent Landon was right. He said that the "overwhelming issue" of the presidential campaign is whether the American people "want dictatorship," but he was careful to avoid descriptions and definitions which would make that overwhelming issue clear.

The issue is indeed one of dictatorship versus democracy, as the Communists have time and again pointed out in this campaign; but what Landon forgot to say at Baltimore is that it is he and his backers who stand for a policy which points in the direction of a *fascist* dictatorship.

The New Masses does not in any way support Roosevelt in this campaign. We have more than once analyzed the President's shortcomings and vacillations; we have warned our readers that Roosevelt cannot be relied upon to stem the rising tide of fascism in this country. Nevertheless the fact remains that it is Landon who is the spokesman of the extreme right wing of American capitalism, that it is he who represents those elements who adore Hitler and Mussolini.

Anyone who still fails to grasp the divisions within the American capitalist class need only read the list of campaign contributions published by the clerk of the House of Representatives.

Here you will find, without surprise, to be sure, that William Randolph Hearst tops the list with subsidies totaling $30,000. Other Landon backers include the Guggenheims, H. S. Firestone, Ogden L. Mills, John Hay Whitney, George F. Baker, Chauncey McCormick, Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, Mrs. Paul Mellon, Frank J. Gould, William K. Vanderbilt, Winthrop W. Aldrich, E. G. Grace, Irenée du Pont, George Whitney, J. P. Morgan, and P. S. du Pont.

Roosevelt must be pressed by a growing independent group on his left because he is equivocal, because he seeks to save capitalism by partial concessions to the people which he withdraws under pressure from big business. Landon's position is not equivocal; he stands out openly as the candidate of the reaction. The plutocrats are pouring out millions to send him to the White House in order to destroy even those few concessions wrung from the New Deal.

A lynch spirit pervades the upper classes of this country.

November Morn — William Sanderson

The alliance of Hearst, Landon, the du Ponts, and the House of Morgan means an alliance for the destruction of the trades unions, for the abolition of the W.P.A., for the suppression of civil liberties.

The "overwhelming issue" of the campaign is indeed the danger of a fascist dictatorship in one form or another. It is because he has, more clearly than any other presidential candidate, posed the issue of fascism versus democracy that Earl Browder has been prevented from speaking in Terre Haute and in Tampa; it is because he insists with equal clarity that fascism versus democracy is the central issue of the campaign that James W. Ford, Communist vice-presidential candidate, was threatened in North Carolina.

When city officials and organized mobs of businessmen muzzle the candidates of a legal political party, it is time for Americans to do some hard thinking. The lynch gangs of Terre Haute and Tampa put into deeds the exhortations of Hearst, chief backer of Landon. They would not let Browder speak because they do not want the citizens of their towns to hear the truth about the election campaign. Thereby they only emphasized the truth. Big business wants to destroy the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence because it wants an absolutely free hand for crushing labor and middle-class organizations.

The suppression of civil liberties is an instrument for the main purpose of the fascist-minded bankers and industrialists; that purpose is to lower the living standards of the mass of the American people. Employers are putting Landon leaflets into the pay envelopes of their workers; they warn them that if Roosevelt is reëlected, and the Social Security Act goes into effect, their pay will be cut. This is more than a gesture for Landon. Disguised as an attack on an inadequate social-security act, it is really an attack upon social security as such.

The reply to the profiteers who are moving toward facism behind the Hearst-Landon bandwagon is an independent political act by all progressive forces in America. He who casts his ballot for Browder and Ford votes for democracy against fascism; he votes for bread, work, peace; he votes for a national Farmer-Labor Party, an American people's front against fascism and war.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Lincoln Steffens's last book—Sinclair, Van Doren, and Housman—A proletarian novel

"But aren't the Communists—er—aren't the Communists rather—er—aren't they——?"

"Yes," I answered, "they are, but do you tell me why it is that of such were the first disciples of Jesus, of such were the first followers of all the prophets. They never were nice, respectable, polite, possessing people. They were the dispossessed, the discontented——"

SO, Lincoln Steffens—born 1866, Ph.B. University of California; student of philosophy, etc., Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, the Sorbonne; reporter and assistant city editor, New York *Evening Post;* city editor, New York *Commercial Advertiser;* managing editor, *McClure's Magazine;* associate editor, *American* and *Everybody's* magazines; author of *The Shame of the Cities, The Struggle for Self-Government,* etc., etc., including the great *Autobiography*—so, Lincoln Steffens, nearing the end of his long, rich, honored life answered "a gentleman in church garb." With what authority old Lincoln Steffens spoke! The authority of years—no, not of that but of his wisdom measured by a lifetime's search for truth. The authority of the student of philosophy, of the scholar familiar with the systems, faiths, achievements of mankind—the background of today; the authority of the investigator, of the "reporter," of the prober of contemporary institutions, government; the authority of the realist who faced the life of his day; and of the believer in life. Deeply conscientious, he leaped to no conclusions. He groped his way along to leave no stone unturned that might conceal some evidence of good or evil. Of a correspondent's accusation of slow-mindedness he wrote:

I admit it. It took me a lifetime of research to see what he saw after his first year in this country, he says truly, but he had advantages I lacked: he was a mechanic who had to labor in our system and, for enlightenment, had workers to talk to. I had only the learned and the learners of our culture. I ask my critic to allow for all that and remember that even so I got beyond that Democratic Party where he is. I cannot take his advice to run for governor on the Republican ticket. No, slow as I am, I must decline that offer.

He *really* sought (who in a million does?) the *truth.* And slowly, near his journey's end, it found him.

There is the greatest joy in heaven, we're told, over the repentant sinner. That's probably because such fellows are the most companionable, good-hearted, warm, genial, understanding souls. Humor they've had to have; and wisdom followed. God knows the blessed need good companionship up there! As one reads this collection* of the latest and the last writings of Lincoln Steffens, delighting in their humor, reflecting upon their truths,

William Hernandez

stirred by their frequent bursts of youthful faith and ardor, and moved by their all-pervading kindliness, one seems to know the man himself as he must have been to his intimates. That man it took a long full life to make. But for its years, its wanderings up blind alleys, its faiths and disillusionments, its painfully won knowledge of so much untruth, we never could have had at last this book.

There have been several wired very hopeful inquiries after my health. I beg leave to answer them officially: "Not yet. I changed my mind last week without a creak; without pain or rage." Anybody will recognize that this is a sign, not of death, but that I'm living.

ROCKWELL KENT.

* LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

The Social Conscience

CO-OP: A NOVEL OF LIVING TOGETHER, *by Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR, after a literary silence of five years, occupied in the arena of practical politics, brings us once more a novel in his old manner. In his own way, and with his own very considerable limitations, Upton Sinclair has been the social conscience of several generations of young Americans (and old ones, too) who have challenged the stupidities and miseries resulting from capitalism. Mike Gold has said of him that he "is like a big steam-shovel scooping up the muck of American capitalism." Certainly no other writer has equaled him in tenacity of attack on the corruption that oozes out of American capitalism at every pore.

But it has always been a serious weakness of his work that his exposure of the ravages was never accompanied by an equal understanding of the causes and cure of the disease itself. This is also true of his latest work which attempts to picture the horrors of unemployment, which took some of the gilt off the mythology of traditional optimism.

See, writes Sinclair, the stupidity of having millions eager to work who cannot do so because they have already produced too much, who cannot buy necessaries because they have no money. Very well, then, let them band together into producer coöperatives and sell their labor in the open markets, not for money but for tools which they will use to produce for themselves. Thus the taxpayer (he does not make the needed distinction between the big and little taxpayer) will not have to pay for relief, the worker "will not lose self-respect," there will be none of the turmoil "of the class struggle and no martyrs," and soon "capitalism will be starved out of existence." It is all just as earnest, just as generous, just as desperately naïve as that!

His novel, starting out with a group of jobless workers who meet by accident in a gas-pipe shelter, is the description of how all this works out (or will work out), and all the recognizable marks of his method are here. There is the idealistic young man whose father is a vulgar millionaire, there is the headstrong young society girl who comes to help the poor after a miraculous escape from some "foreign-looking" white-slavers, and a radical ex-sailor who doesn't like Communists but whose charm wins the toughest California capitalists to the side of the coöperatives which "are going to starve capitalism [and presumably the capitalists] out of existence." This enthusiast even succeeds in convincing Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House, and the novel ends with the poised question, "What will Franklin D. Roosevelt do now?"

There is no mistaking the sincerity of Sinclair's indignation against poverty. This genuineness has made his work significant to millions of readers despite all the snobbery and philistinism of his adversaries. It has earned him the honor of being hated by the fascist-minded jingoes and has won him the admiration of all social-minded people up to and including the Communists (a compliment, I fear, not always returned). In the sterility of most modern literature the presence of this sympathy, backed by energy, has been sufficient to fertilize Sinclair's career to world-wide importance. In the land of the Soviet democracy which he misunderstands he has millions of readers. But his admirable fervor, much as it is to be prized, and necessary as it is in the fight against the common enemy, is not enough. It is not enough to give a scientific understanding of capitalism, nor is it enough to make a good novel. In *King Coal,* he came nearest to creating a genuine character—Mary, the miner's daughter. But his

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workers are hardly better than sprightly abstractions. And whatever the workers of Sinclair's books are, they are never what Marx said they must always be—they are never menacing. They are, in fact, sometimes cloyingly grateful and meek and make a fine impression on the hard-headed president of the big utility company.

Sinclair knows a good deal about America. But because he lacks the essential clue, his extensive knowledge remains in the end surface knowledge. This gives his work the defect of over-simplification, not the legitimate simplification that comes from the rejection of non-essentials but the untrue simplification that results from ignoring essentials. That is why he cannot seem to see that his hope of slipping into socialism "through the back way," to use a phrase of Marx's directed long ago at just such schemes, can never be more than an illusion. Avoiding the name of socialism in the aspirations of the people will not evade class struggles. Does Sinclair think that he can dupe the exploiters with a mild slogan? The exploiters will tolerate mild slogans only so long as they do not conceal vigorous and united action.

MILTON HOWARD.

Freedom for Press Fakers

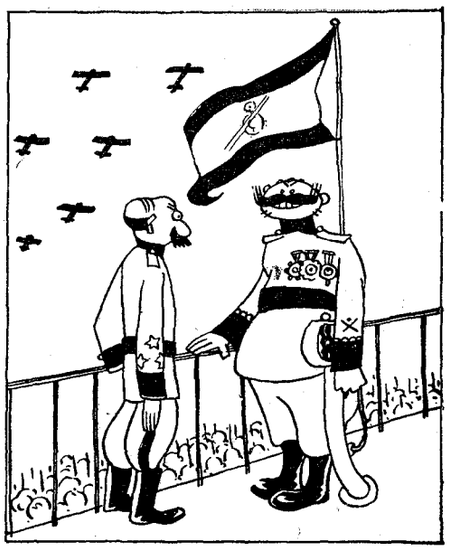
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, *by Robert R. McCormick. D. Appleton-Century Co. $1.*

WHEN the NEW MASSES (September 29, 1936) exposed the Chicago *Tribune* as a liar it was merely using the ultimate word in print. Among newspapermen of America that fact has been known for a generation. But the fact that Col. Robert R. McCormick's newspaper violates almost every item in the publishers' code of journalistic ethics apparently has not prevented the publisher from writing a very interesting little history.

For about ten years I worked for the Chicago *Tribune*. In that period Colonel McCormick made some of the speeches in this volume. When I went to Rome, for example, I stopped the Fascist bribe of several hundred dollars a month in free cable tolls, but I still have a letter from the business office suggesting that we beg for the bribe again. At about this time Colonel McCormick was addressing the American Newspaper Publishers' Association on the freedom of the press.

Some time later I wrote a piece from Berlin about Pilsudski's armed assault on parliament, his threat to establish a fascist dictatorship. The Polish embassy in Paris threatened to withdraw its $2000-a-year tourist advertising. I have a letter from the *Tribune* suggesting that I trim my sails, also a clipping of a published apology for the item. The dictatorship was soon established. And at this time the publisher was speaking at Yale or some other college on the freedom of the press.

Mr. "X," one of my colleagues, who was sent to Russia to "expose" the "dirty Bolsheviks," was completely won over by the program of production for use instead of profit and the ideology of Karl Marx, of whom he had heard nothing prior to his arrival in Moscow. Mr. X came back to Paris and began writing a mild series of articles more neutral than pro-Russian. But immediately he got his orders: either a vicious series of articles attacking the Soviets or he would lose his job. Now if the poor devil had belonged to a Newspaper Guild in those days, or if economic security existed for Americans, he could have told Chicago to go to hell, but as it was, he simply prostituted himself again, as so many journalists have done before him, and wrote a series of half-truths, distortions, inventions, and lies, all against his friends, the Bolsheviks. It was just at this time that the Paris edition reprinted a three-column speech which Colonel McCormick had just made before some advertising federation on "The Fight for the Freedom of the Press."



"But your troops don't understand Spanish, General Franco!"

I can continue this chronicle *ad infinitum*. Every newspaper man who ever worked for the Chicago *Tribune* has his quota of suppressed, distorted, or perverted news stories. The recent editorials of this paper are especially vile. Misrepresentation, falsehood, innuendo are used against the Roosevelt administration and the Democratic Party, although the latter is only a few inches to the left of the Republican Party and almost as completely in the hands of the big interests. Liberals and radicals get even worse treatment.

And yet, as I have said repeatedly, the editor and publisher of this sheet, self-styled "the world's greatest newspaper," is not only a fanatical fighter for a free press, but his book is worth reading and applauding. It condenses the history of the Zenger case in colonial times, the alien and sedition laws, other famous instances, and concludes with the Liggett killing. Colonel McCormick attacks the late Governor Olson as an enemy of the freedom of the press. The reader may recall that while the governor was still alive the publisher wrote that Olson was lending "aid and assistance to gangland in its campaign of murdering editors and all who cross his path." Olson replied: "Colonel Bertie McCormick's charge against me is false. . . . He is a faker in his alleged championship of the freedom of the press. Dozens of papers have been suppressed because of economic views expressed in their columns without a word from Bertie. It is only when a scandal sheet has difficulty that Bertie comes to the rescue. That is because Bertie is the owner of the world's leading scandal sheet."

I offer these items of an obvious Jekyll-Hyde nature as a case history for amateur psychiatrists rather than a book review.

GEORGE SELDES.

Without Malice

THREE WORLDS, *by Carl Van Doren. Harper & Bros. $3.*

CARL VAN DOREN, looking back over a distinguished and generally successful and useful career, is able to record a serene life. There is very little in it of conflict, or of the mutilations of intellect and personality resulting from thwart and frustration. It is clear that his accomplishment has come satisfyingly close to the reach of his ambition, which a realistic and balanced mind could keep within constantly adjusted limits, as his remarks concerning his ventures in poetry and fiction show.

How much of this was due to temperament and how much to uniformly easy economic circumstances it would be hard to say. The influence of the latter can be overestimated, but it should not, for that reason, be underestimated. It is easy, for example, on that ground to account for the tolerant and genial tone of Van Doren's advocacy of insurgent literary forms, as contrasted with the violence of, let us say, the garret poets, to whom victory would mean not only the triumph of a literary idea but easier bread and more butter.

Granting to Mr. Van Doren a steady, genial, and tolerant temper, so poised and so consistently maintained as to be, in its way, a phenomenon, it must be noted that his continuous and even record of success is also phenomenal. From his beginnings as the son of a comfortably situated professional, he was spared the class humiliations and the hardships of poverty. His childhood was so happy and "normal" that he could not understand the almost universal complaints of an unhappy childhood, and attributed them to a fashionable predilection for unhappiness. His academic career was a brilliant one; his career as critic and editor enabled him not only to help raise the general level of a culture confined to the middle classes—the masses having been left to Hearst, Macfadden, and Hollywood—but to actually foster and support a number of the leading writers of the period. Furthermore, in his own person he accomplished the transition characteristic of the twen-

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ties, the passing of critical power from the academies to the more open and flexible medium of literary journalism. And as he, like transition personified, passed from one to the other, he escaped the vices of both, the stodginess of the first, and the sensationalism of the second.

Avoided by trouble, Mr. Van Doren also avoids trouble; and this keeps him from major stature as a thinker and writer. One feels, reading some of his astute observations, that a little more strenuous delving would have made him more than an arbiter, a discoverer; and more risks for the sake of ultimates might have lifted his book from its present level of grace to higher levels. For the fact is that the book declines after its stirring and valuable first half, which recapitulates with great skill as well as charm and appraises with firmness as well as love, a past generation. In its second half, dealing with known people, it mentions only those who can be well spoken of; and it generalizes about controversies that it would have been valuable to particularize. Mr. Van Doren's motives are clear and to his credit; he escapes not only the imputation of malice but malice itself; but reality and intensity, as a consequence, escape him.

The book can be read by anyone with pleasure. Its style has a gracious eloquence; it offers frequent rewards of realities keenly perceived and pithily communicated. In its record of achievements and limitations it becomes almost an ideal presentation of the liberal, tolerant and progressive, hopeful because hope was the characteristic tropism of his generation, unable to abandon it but wisely forbearing to recommend it to the succeeding generation to whom it would be a delusion.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Literary Event

MORE POEMS, *by A. E. Housman. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.

THE publication of more poems by the late A. E. Housman is, of course, a literary event of the first importance. The collection has been edited, with a preface, by the poet's brother, Laurence, whose statements are simple, factual, and while no doubt somewhat softer in tone than A. E. might have enjoined, still decently free from sentimentality. The material should disappoint no reasonable expectation.

> They say my verse is sad: no wonder;
> Its narrow measure spans
> Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
> Not mine, but man's.

The sorrow of the class struggle is not apparent in this verse. The agonies of hunger and work, the blacklist, the truncheon, the breadlines, are not Housman's concern. It is not so much that this last of the Victorians, and their finest poet, is above the battle, but rather beneath it; he is one whose private universe has caved in on him so completely that the fighting above and around him is largely inconsequential. Eternity may be a word somewhat grandiose to describe these tears, but Housman has achieved a paradox in time. Living in a pre-revolutionary world, he presents the image of a man without class and without economic sorrow, that is to say, a post-revolutionary man. Nor does this fact render his work unreal or Utopian. We would be foolish to imagine that solution of economic difficulties will resolve all the spiritual ones. The sumless tale of sorrow may well persist beyond the final conflict.

> This is for all ill-treated fellows
> Unborn and unbegot,
> For them to read when they're in trouble
> And I am not.

But this book is no mere exhibit of petulance. Most of its forty-nine items stand on their considerable intrinsic merit; and beyond that, all of them are of vital interest as a testament of spiritual anguish. They shift the emphasis, correct the perspective of our full view of Housman's work. It becomes increasingly manifest that the man spent his life in a hell none the less real for being intensely subjective, or of his own making. The same thing seems to have ailed him that ailed his great contemporary, Hopkins; it is possible that in time to come his three books of poetry will be read for more than one of the reasons that compel men's interest in the sonnets of Shakespeare. We are told that "consideration for the wishes of others became increasingly apparent in his last years." In this mollification of his persistent uncharity toward others we may suspect the unconscious hope of a greater sympathy toward himself, and an abatement of the fierce pride which required him, living, to permit no gesture that might be confused with self-pity. His consent to the publication of these poems, however reluctant, indicates a willingness to admit the public to more than a view of his workshop and a collection of material rejected or unfinished.

Simply as such, however, the collection is of great interest. The student of Housman's verse will find here alternative statements of old favorites, the tentative elaboration of the finally successful phrase, the novel experiment, as well as, in one or two instances only, the unfortunate plain flat failure. The collection testifies again to Housman's fine critical taste, his distrust of self-repetition, his modesty and austerity, his moral scruple, his willingness to give himself the benefit of no doubt.

A. Sopher

Let it be said once more: poets who propose to address themselves to the broad masses in a time of anticipated profound social change have much to learn from this man. If not from his content, then from his form; if not from his political analysis, then at least from his high regard for the poet's calling, and his respect for the niceties of linguistic technique. Not that this professor is pedantic, finical, or prone to polysyllables; on the contrary. It is his precision and simplicity that too much alleged revolutionary verse lacks. A sorry error it is to suppose that correct ideology and proper emotions excuse the absence of poetic determination and wit.

> My dreams are of a field afar
> And blood and smoke and shot.
> There in their graves my comrades are,
> In my grave I am not.
>
> I too was taught the trade of man
> And spelt the lesson plain;
> But they, when I forgot and ran,
> Remembered and remain.

Here, in one short lesson, we can be informed of much concerning the trade of man, the trade of comrade, and the trade of poet.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Woman's Supplement

GOLDEN WEDDING, *by Anne Parrish. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.

GREAT LAUGHTER, *by Fannie Hurst. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.

WHEN the novel by and for middle-class women gets past variations on boy-meets-girl and looks life in the eye, what it is apt to see is the special property of women, the family; what it likes to see is the matriarchy. For at the same time that the artist was resigning from society, women were registering their own opposition to the empty world their men were building. Some rebelled against the home itself and went out to add a brick to the dismal social structure. Those who stayed home had a quiet rebellion of contempt against their foolish, coarse, money-grubbing men, whom they tolerated, while carrying on the vast processes of life in their warm female world, which their novels exalt.

Anne Parrish has a delicate malice for her weapon. It never probes very deeply, but its edge is sharp. Her rebellion is a bit old-fashioned, shuddering against a Victorian atmosphere she conjures up, of stale sweetness, smothered in black bombazine. Tireless in her exposure of the thick-skinned who galumph successfully through life, her affection for sensitive souls is both sentimental and acid. The characters she likes are opposed to bourgeois standards but they are failures: mediocre painters, flinching poetic young men, shrinking girls. In *Golden Wedding,* though there is the same setup, she takes a larger bite

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of reality. If Dan Briggs, self-made millionaire, manages to lay a withering hand on whatever beauty and meaning life may have had for his wife and children, if his emotions trickle falsely over a heart like stone—this, she tells us, is the monstrous weight of gold, the Midas curse. Here are beginnings of economic understanding, but not enough; Dan grows more repulsive until, finally, uttering gushing sentiments at his wedding anniversary, while the troopers fire on his workers, he ends, a caricature capitalist. Considering the audience *Golden Wedding* will reach, this is a forward step; but the effect is that of a feminine rather than a radical attack. For what values does Miss Parrish set up against Dan's? His wife's? Her pallid yearnings scarcely offer more impressive standards. One feels that if Dan loved poetry and woodland nooks (some capitalists do), it wouldn't matter about the tear-gassed workers.

Fannie Hurst doesn't approach Miss Parrish in intelligence, social comprehension, or style, but her scope and vigor are gigantic in comparison. Parrish women, irrespective of class, have the pinched and harried souls of dying aristocracy. Fannie Hurst's women are full-blooded. Theirs is a purely biologic life, an abundance of sturdy female flesh, swelling with young, but lacking in mind and direction. It is easy to see why Hollywood paid $100,000 for *Great Laughter*. It is a movie anthology offering a free choice of scenarios. With all its glorification of the life-process, its note of hysteria points the underlying frenzy of its frustrated women. Their men are a poor lot. Widowed Carmella, got with child by her husband's brother, is deserted for the crippled daughter of his political patron. Josie gives her life to her married boss. Mabel is worn out by her husband's indecisions. Even Gregrannie, brooding over the huge family as she approaches her hundredth year (brooding with the infinite wisdom of fictional old women, seeing all, knowing all), even she never had fulfillment. What gives them heart is possessions—and what a tender naming of *things* in these female books—so that Abbey, searching restlessly for belief, shrinks from the poverty of objects in the Soviet Union. Their comfort is that Life Goes On, but no wonder the last sentence presents Gregrannie filled with "an immense and dreary laughter at what men will sweat for," the disillusioned smugness of the matriarch philosophy.

Fannie Hurst is the voice of those sensible, vigorous women one finds in church work and community clubs, alienated from the lives of their men, defensively absorbed in the basic reality of children. The weaker get vaporous dreams of romance from magazines and movies. The crisper minds cultivate the arts. For the world outside, the world of their men, they have an obliterating skepticism, denying "the things men sweat for." In the books they read, even the best of them, as represented by these two, there is no recognition of tragic or noble elements in mankind.

MARJORIE BRACE.

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ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL, *by Thomas Bell. Little, Brown & Co.* $2.50.

IT is high time Thomas Bell is recognized as one of our first-rate novelists. His rich, fluid prose style and acute sensibilities are at their best in this, his third novel, where they are strengthened by a politically grown-up conception of the society he writes about.

That society is, geographically, a newly portrayed Bronx, the Irish Catholic Bronx, not so Irish as to seem anything but thoroughly American or so Catholic as to trouble about attending Mass. In every other way but space and time (the present), the protagonists are representative of most skilled working-class city people: machinists, carpenters, sales-clerks, stenographers, the unemployed and their families. Peter Cummings, the central figure, is representative of even more than that, for he is very much the average intelligent man, questioning the principles of the system under which he lives and hoping not to be forced into action by the answers to his questions.

He thought: Jesus, why can't things let us alone, why can't we just go along minding our own business and not bothering anybody? He didn't want to give time and energy to such matters; there were pleasanter things to do. He didn't want to mix in things that might get him into trouble. There was no zeal to change the world, or preach to it or rule it. All he wanted was to be let alone, to have a home, a little security, a chance to raise a healthy family, and to do the work he liked.

Peter was a machinist, feeling lucky to have work, interested in drawing black-and-whites on the side, and very much in love with Susan. Everything looked good for them when they married. It stayed good between Susan and Peter even after he lost his job and couldn't find another. She still had her twenty-five-dollar a week job in the pornographic book shop; it didn't seem possible that they could continue to live so perilously near the economic abyss when they were so young, so in love with life and with each other. Peter had been on his own most of his life. To have a little home, to warm himself at his own family hearth meant much to him who was unaccustomed to it. He was able to accept with some detachment and amusement Susan's friends and the marvelous Beasley family with its feuds, its comedies and tragedies. Her friends and relatives either hushed him or teased him for being a Communist. Peter regarded himself as a Communist because he read the *Daily Worker* and contemplated the forces of fascism at work in the land. He didn't do much else about it. He still wanted to be let alone; but the world would not let him alone. The foundations of his tender, happy life with Susan were being hacked away. He saw it happening to some of the Beasleys. He read about it happening all over the country. So when he finally landed a job—for long night hours, with small pay—he could not relax. America was stirring, he thought, and he would do his share.

Mr. Bell's thesis is not only soundly con-

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ceived, it is subtly presented. But he has more than an intelligent theme. His characters—major and minor—are wonderfully well drawn. He captures the trivia of talk and of conduct as some superhuman talkie-camera man might if he wandered off the lot and into real life. He creates this stream of genuine, flavorsome small-talk and small events so that it flows naturally into the bigger moments of these everyday and universal lives. He has written, as you may have gathered by now, a fine book. LEANE ZUGSMITH.

★

Brief Reviews

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING, *by Hillel Bernstein, Frederick A. Stokes.* $2.

Mr. Bernstein does a fair vaudeville turn on the subject of an American millionaire Milquetoast looking for heroism in a fascist country where people have become heroes by decree. There are some good lines, the book is mildly amusing, but lacks real incisiveness. Mr. Bernstein is a gagster on a theme that calls for a Swift.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, *by Clement Wood, World Syndicate Publishing Co. Illustrated.* $2.

"The History of the United States includes me as I write this book and you as you read it; and the tomorrows clouded or shining that open uninteruptedly about us like flower petals hailing the sun." This will indicate the scented, inspirational tone in which this harmless but also valueless history is written.

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

The Secret Journey, by James Hanley. Macmillan. $2.50. Novel.

William Hogarth, the Cockney's Mirror, by Marjorie Bowen. Appleton-Century. $5. Biography, and study of Hogarth's paintings.

East Way, West Way, by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.75. Autobiography.

History of Art Criticism, by Lionello Venturi. Dutton. $3.75.

Wanderer from Sea to Sea, by Maarten Matisse. Translated from the Dutch by Irene Clephane and David Hallett. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Autobiography of a vagabond philosopher.

The Bruiser, by Jim Tully. Greenberg. $2. Novel.

The Man Who Built San Francisco, by Julian Dana. Macmillan. $3. Biography and history.

Recently Recommended

An American Testament, by Joseph Freeman. Farrar & Rinehart. $3. Autobiography.

Calling Western Union, by Genevieve Taggard. Harper & Bros. New York. $2.

Ideas of Order, by Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Seven Red Sundays, by Ramon J. Sender. Liveright. $2.50.

Brandeis, The Personal History of an American Ideal, by Alfred Lief. Stackpole. $3.

Spain in Revolt, by Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard. Knopf. $2.

World Politics, 1918-1936, by R. Palme Dutt. Regular Edition, Random House. $2.50. Popular Edition, International. $2.

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn. Morrow. $2.50.

Green Margins, by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Sidney Kingsley pillories the munitions makers—Some new films and the Jooss ballet

IT IS some years now since *Fortune's* article "Arms and the Man" stood our hair on end by declaring that to a large extent the World War was a coöperative venture arranged by the munitions makers of the combatant Powers, and that their governments and general staffs scrupulously carried out the gentlemen's agreement entered into by French Schneider and German Krupp to prevent either of their valuable properties being damaged by the "enemy"—an agreement which not only preserved intact their fixed assets, but also had the pleasant feature of prolonging the war and consequently the flow of fat profits. The article was republished as a pamphlet, its essence appeared as a section of the movie *March of Time,* and its soul has gone marching on through a number of other media.

Its latest incarnation is in *Ten Million Ghosts,* the play written, directed, and produced by Sidney Kingsley, author of the previously successful *Men in White* and *Dead End.* The action opens shortly before the outbreak of the World War and closes in 1927. The story revolves around a munitions-making family (the French branch of which is de Kruif, the German branch of which is von Kruif) and how through the prompting of Zacharey, the brain guy of the firm, the two branches arrange for their mines, close to the frontier on each side, to be immune from the attacks which would be normal military strategy. When the war breaks out, the young French aviator, who is in love with the daughter of old de Kruif, is sent to the Briey sector. His squadron is under orders not to bomb the German iron mine which they can see working day and night turning out the sinews of the German attackers. He tries to organize his squadron to bomb the mine despite orders, but the memory of the French firing-squad which ended a previous similar attempt is too fresh; his comrades won't dare it. So he tries it alone, in the hope that his clear-eyed newspaper correspondent friend, who works for the publisher who brought on the Spanish-American War, will tell the story of his death and awaken the world. As we know from history, it didn't turn out that way. The play closes at an arms conference in Geneva in 1927, with the newspaperman announcing to Zacharey and old de Kruif that they can "break" him on his paper if they like, but that he will fight them and their racket till he dies. "And," significantly remarks the daughter who was to have married the aviator, "this time he won't be alone."

It's a powerful theme, handled with considerable vigor, and if it continues to meet with the response it received the opening night, may run long enough to have a far-reaching and salutary effect. There are weaknesses in the characterizations and in the love story, but the force of the situations and the interest of the theme go far to obliterate these defects.

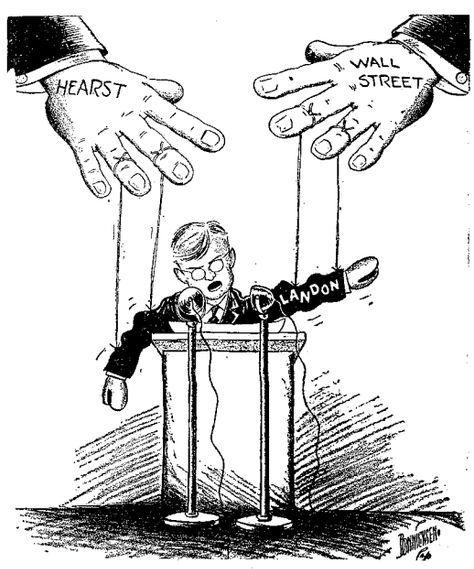
A. W. T.

THE SCREEN

SOME years ago Harry Alan Potamkin pointed out that our comedians were far superior to our directors of film comedy. How true this is today is illustrated by the fact that the Marx brothers are still waiting for a decent film and a competent director; or that *Sing Baby Sing* could have been an extraordinary film had it been directed and written with skill. But the best illustration of this pathological condition in the American comedy film is offered us in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1937*—which, like a new model of a radio or a car, was presented ahead of its release date. What the producers had on their hands was a crew of expensive (and many good) entertainers. In addition there were a couple of good gag men. And what to do about it? Well, there is an extraordinary machine called an optical printer, which will do more photographic tricks than all the ingenious cameramen in Hollywood put together. So they let the comedians do their stuff and the separate sequences were joined together with nice, new shiny optical tricks. In other words, you won't find this a motion picture in any sense of the word, but you will find Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Bob Burns all very funny; you will be disappointed that Benny Goodman is interrupted by tricky camera work, and that Stokowski has been photographed in a way that will scare little children and thrill old maids. But the Bach (surprisingly enough) comes over remarkably well.

Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia) is a thin comedy about the perennial mythical Hollywood newspaper man with a little of *Mr. Deeds* thrown in for good measure. On the other hand *The Magnificent Brute* (Universal), starring Victor McLaglen, which is a story about steel workers, is one of the most disgusting, libelous, and cheap examples of the so-called "he-man" type of film comedy that has come along in many months. Finally, you will find Irwin (*Bury the Dead*) Shaw's initial effort in Hollywood an ordinary football yarn called *The Big Game* (R.K.O.-Radio).

PETER ELLIS.



Bonnicksen

THE DANCE

KURT JOOSS and his European Ballet, now of Dartington Hall, Cornwall, England, which opened the New York dance season and now is on tour around the country, their repertory substantially intact, presented for the first time the not too fortunate *The Prodigal Son.*

"Based on the Biblical story," the legend runs through the familiar pattern, "rags to riches and back again," prosaic, dull, and inept. If there was some profounder motif in the composition, it was pretty much buried in heavy pantomime and obvious caricature.

Kurt Jooss is no mean choreographer; he has a sharp wit and a keen social sense; and his troupe is technically well equipped, Noelle de Mosa, Ernst Uthoff, and Hans Zuellig, especially; but *The Prodigal Son* is someone's ostrich head safely grooved in some intellectual sand; and not much breath in it.

After *The Green Table,* the prize-winning satire on top-hat diplomacy, and after Hitler made completely necessary the transfer of the entire Ballet to healthier climates, one might reasonably have expected a more vigorous approach to its work. Cornwall is not so far from London and Mosley's blackshirts that Jooss must turn to the Bible for "basic problems."

OWEN BURKE.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these artists or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Earl Browder, Mon., Nov 2, 10:45 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

Norman Thomas, Sun., Nov. 1, 4:45 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

"Mother" Bloor. Fri., Oct. 30, 11 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Theater Collective. Winding up the series of weekly programs sponsored by the International Workers Order, supplemented by the I.W.O. symphony and mandolin orchestras. Thursday, Oct. 29, WCFL, Chicago, 8:30 p.m.

ELECTION RETURNS

Columbia. Beginning at 6 p.m. Tues., Nov. 3, Columbia announcers will break in at will to announce such early election returns as are avail-

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able. After 8 p.m. Columbia will take five minutes from each half-hour program to give returns. Beginning at 10:30, returns will continue uninterrupted until a president is elected.

National Broadcasting Co. Beginning at 7:15, Tues., Nov. 3, the red and blue networks will give five minutes every half hour to election returns.

FOOTBALL

Minnesota-Northwestern. Sat., Oct. 31, 1:45 p.m. Columbia.

Fordham-Pittsburgh. Sat., Oct. 31, 1:45 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

Yale-Dartmouth. Sat., Oct. 31, 2 p.m. Mutual.

REGULAR FEATURES

Beethoven Sonata Series. Alexander Semmler, pianist. Sundays. 10:30 a.m., Columbia.

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia.

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

André Kostelanetz's Orchestra. Wednesdays at 9 p.m. and Fridays at 8:30 p.m. Columbia.

Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Eddie Cantor and others. Sundays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia. Rebroadcast to West Coast, 11 p.m.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Stoopnagle and Budd. Wednesdays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Raymond Gram Swing, commenting on international affairs. Fridays at 9 p.m., Mutual.

The March of Time. Thursdays, 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

The Screen

IMPORTANT OPENING

Nightingale, the Soviet Union's first film in color. Opens at Cameo, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 2.

WORTH SEEING

The Devil Is a Sissy. Some clever kids up to high jinks.

The Gay Desperado. Mamoulian directs some enjoyable if synthetic gayety.

Valiant Is the Word for Carrie. Gladys George in a more-or-less credible and well-acted story of a prostitute.

Millions of Us, a fine labor short on the bill at the Cameo in N. Y. Closes Sunday, Nov. 1. Watch for it in your locality.

Nine Days a Queen. Nova Pilbeam and Cedric Hardwicke in a film about Lady Jane Grey.

The Theater

THUMBS UP

It Can't Happen Here. Sinclair Lewis's book done into a play by various authors, at the following theaters: Adelphi, N. Y.; Majestic, Brooklyn; Jefferson, Birmingham, Ala.; Mayan and Figueroa (Yiddish), Los Angeles; Columbia, San Francisco; Baker, Denver; Park, Bridgeport, Conn.; Palace, Hartford, Conn.; Blackstone, Chicago; Keith, Indianapolis; Repertory, Boston; Lafayette, Detroit; City, Newark, N. J.; Warburton, Yonkers, N. Y.; Carter, Cleveland; Moore, Seattle; Scottish Rite, Tacoma.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *The Pirates of Penzance,* which will continue through Saturday, Oct. 31, will be followed by a week's run of *The Yeomen of the Guard.*

Ten Million Ghosts (St. James, N. Y.). A vigorous play about munitions makers by the author of *Men in White* and *Dead End.*

Tovarich (Plymouth, N. Y.). Slightly slanderous but very entertaining comedy with a swell cast, including a newcomer, Marta Abba.

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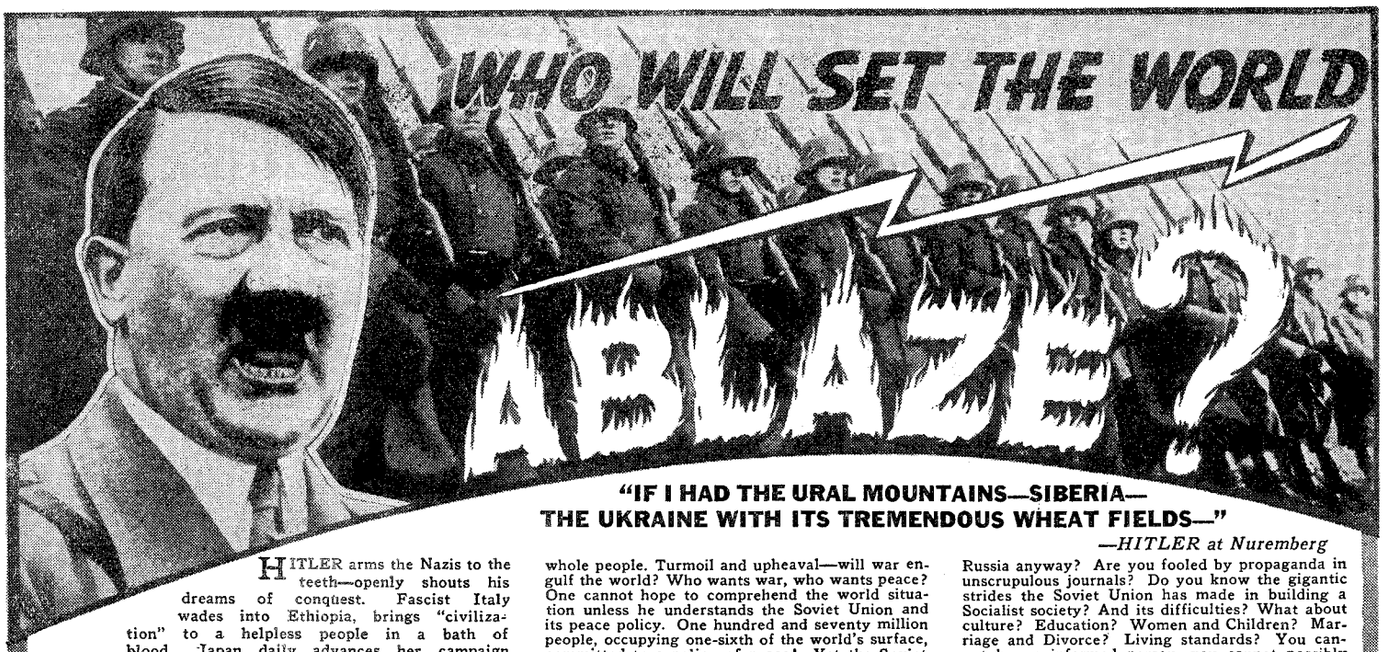

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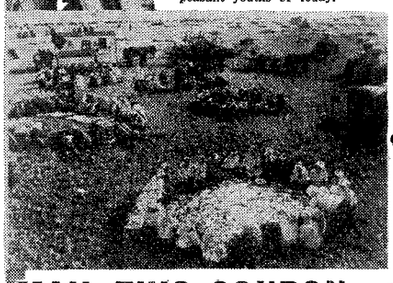

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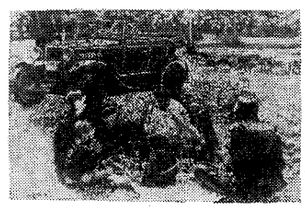

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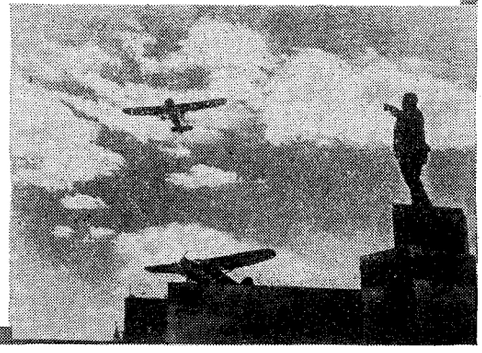

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